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THE MAN WHO FOUGHT THE FRASER

The Onderdonk's First Trip Through the Rapids

By MORLEY ROBERTS

WITH DRAWINGS BY B. MARTIN JUSTICE

"IT AIN'T to be done," said Griffiths; "she cayn't do it, not if she busts herself."

"Well, I reckon as Andy Onderdonk ain't no slouch of a man," answered his partner, Pete, "and he figures it out that she can. And them as built her figures it out so, and, taking the lot together, I'll back Andy."

"Agin the Fraser?" asked old Griff solemnly.

"Agin the Fraser," said Pete.

"Agin the river that's roaring below us?"

"Agin this yer river," said Pete, and sitting down on a rock he dangled his legs over the swift, dark stream far below him.

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Griffiths sat down beside him, and, pulling out his pipe, proceeded to fill it out of a little bag with a big bull's head on it. He was a very long, thin man, of a melancholy, malarial type. For he came from Arkansas, the land of ague, and he carried dry quinine in his waistcoat pocket, being very subject to chills.

"Time will tell, sonny," he remarked, after a long interval, "and I dunno as ever any good came of argument. But what I asks is, do they rightly know the river?"

"I reckon A. O. studies on it considerable," said Pete. For the men called the big contractor Andy, or A. O., according to their moods. When he was the great boss he was "A. O.," and when they related what he said he was simply "Andy."

"I reckon A. O. has studied on it considerable," repeated Pete, "and he ain't a man to be fooled by a river, not even one like this, which is awkward, I allow."

Griff shrugged his shoulders.

"How long have you been about this cañon, Pete?"

"Since the road started, old man."

"Of course you have, and how long have I been here?"

And Pete did not answer, because he knew that Griffiths would answer it himself.

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"For nigh on to twenty years," said Griffiths gloomily, "and I'm as rich now as I was then. But I know this river. You've never seen it rise, Pete, but I have. It can go higher than we are here. And it's a blind, roaring swirl o' waters then. Oh, yes; I know as A. O. don't propose to run his boat then, but what I'd like to know is where he'll tie her up to wait for no more than a common, every-day sort of current. Can you name the place he'll use?"

But Pete shook his head.

"And any time you can't trust the Fraser," said Griff. "Have you watched her day in and day out? There ain't no reckoning and figuring as will put a man equal to a river in a cañon like this yer cañon, that's narrow and black. This river's like a man in a tight place. You may know a man for years when things goes easy, and you can prophesy straight as to what he'll do. So to speak, he's just a river as runs in a broad place, and ain't squeezed nor crushed nor put about. Why, you know as well as you know your own knife or your own gun as he'll work so long and then have a bit of a time off, and go back to work again. But if he's a moss-back, with a heavy mortgage on him, and his wife's a cultus lot, and his boy's cultus too, as won't work, and a bad season comes, and his house is burnt up—why, can you prophesy on him then?"

"Um," said Pete, who was considering in a sort of brown study the dreadful position of the imaginary farmer.

"Of course you can't," cried Griff in a sort of melancholy triumph. "And that's the river here, crushed up in this cañon. It runs here at ten miles an hour and there at fifteen, and at times all the current is below the surface, and then there's whirly pools. And I says as Andy Onderdonk won't pull this off, for all he's a clever man, and a good sort in his way. His new steamer ain't going to run more'n one trip here, and I'm sorry for the widows as is wives now."

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And he rose up, knocked his pipe out on the heel of his boot, and walked slowly off to his old shanty.

Meanwhile, on a long, low island in the river, many men were working at the very object of all Griffiths' melancholy forebodings. Carriage just there was very expensive, and Andy Onderdonk had hit on the notion of a steamer to run from Boston Bar to Lytton and back, to save haulage. So he sent to Victoria, and they brought him a small, swift steamer in numbered pieces, with men to put her together. She came in the train as far as Yale, and then by wagon to just below Lytton. She was guaranteed to run fifteen knots an hour.

"And that will get her over the worst riffles," said Andy. But the river knew better than that, and so did the men who put the Onderdonk together.

They discussed the matter over their riveting, over their meals, and before falling asleep. Even before Andy they were not running full of hope. They sometimes almost asked him to discount disaster.

"You can't tell that a boat will run up to her contract time just at first, sir," said the foreman. "And this boat must or——"

"If she doesn't, said Andy, "why, it can't be helped."

"But do you know the river, sir?" asked the foreman. "It looks a chancy sort of a place. I own I wouldn't like to be on her on her trial trip."

"Oh, she'll do it," said Andy. For he was a big, strong, hopeful man, full of red blood and the love of natural conquest. It is such men who dominate the big world, and elude what cannot be struck down or fought with.

And now came the day when the Onderdonk was eased sideways into the stream, on the very edge of which she had been put together. They fitted the last of the stern-wheel as she lay in the water, being held with two big hawsers from the island and the high opposing bank. Then the two engineers got up steam. She was easy to fire, and the furnace worked like a charm.

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The pressure rose over a hundred, and crawled up to a hundred and forty. Then the men's nerves got on edge, for the time was coming, and Andy was on deck, with one-armed King and his brother Bill, the two best pilots of the lower river—men of nerve and knowledge, and ready skill in moments of danger.

"But this is all experiment, Mr. Onderdonk," said King, "and it all depends on what she can do. And even then——"

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"Oh, dry up," said Andy, rather fretfully. And King winked at his brother. They were the only two calm men there.

Now, on the opposing

"THE RIVER SEEMED ALIVE—A VERY PYTHON"

EDITOR'S NOTE—This story is taken from Strong Men and True, by Morley Roberts. Published by Downey & Company, London.

bank stood the whole population of Lytton, who had come down stream for a mile or two to see if Andy's experiment were going to be a success. The very hotel bars in the little town were deserted—even the stolid Italians came to look on. They brought their klootchmen and the klootchmen brought their papooses.

On the island stood the workmen—the engineers and fitters who had fixed the boat up for her struggle with the river.

And now the stern-wheel began to move, and as it dashed the water into foam the strain slackened on the hawsers.

"Stand by to cast them off when I sing out," roared King, as he stood by his brother, who held the wheel. "Full speed, Jack!"

And the engineer opened her out. The hawsers ceased singing and dipped into the waters, which caught them and pulled. The starboard hawser was in the main stream, and, as the boat began to move swiftly in the shelter of the island, it lay out in a long curve, marking the sullen flood with a line of breaking waves. But now it dragged heavily, and sheered the boat's bows perceptibly into the rushing stream.

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"Let go," roared King; but, even as he shouted, Andy seized an axe and cut the hawser with two clean blows. The other one was cast off, and the first voyage of the little Onderdonk, Andy's darling, darling child, was begun.

For a minute, even for two, she shot swiftly and more swiftly yet past the island, and to those who did not understand the river it seemed as though victory were assured.

"Look!" cried Pete, "look!"

"Ay, look, and look again," said Griffiths. "Wait till she's in the Fraser, man. For she's got to face it all. Oh, ho! face the big music, Andy! This ain't no easy Mississippi; you cayn't dodge her by crawling close in shore. She's equal from bank to bank in the open. Ay, look! look!" he shouted.

And, as he called, an odd sound ran out of the crowd, and it seemed as if a mist obscured the sun.

For, as the steamer shot up past the island, she met the Fraser full, and stopped almost dead. To those on board it seemed as if she had run on a soft bank and lay there.

"Give it her, give it her," said King to the engineer, who had his head out in the open.

"She's got every pound, and more," cried the engineer.

And for one long, one incredibly long, minute the boat hung in the stream, making inch by inch. But, even so, she scarcely seemed a mere thing made by man. She was alive and desperate—an active creature overpowered by brutal strength. She creaked and quivered, and the rivets gave here and there, and the very deck heaved and bent like thin ice as a daring skater speeds over it. For the foam stood up against her bows, and the two deckhands forward were paralyzed.

Until this day they had not known the river—they had only watched it from the banks. Now they were in the hollow of the hand of something mightier and more awful than the open sea, and, for all the power of steam and the strength of proved steel, they were like ants on a chip in a mountain torrent. They whitened visibly, and their under lips hung down.

Even Andy weakened.

"Can she do it?" he cried.

And, even as King looked over him with set jaws and the ghost of a smile on his face, the vessel moved to starboard in spite of the helm. Over the hiss of the waters came the groan of the crowd, and the very voices of separate men were distinct. He heard Pete cry out, and he saw old Griff throw up his arms almost with joy. For the old man was on the side of the river he knew so well.

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"She's done, she's done," said he. And he ran down stream, knowing that in a minute or two the steamer would yield utterly.

And as he ran King gave way and jammed the helm hard over to port to let her go, to save her from the rocks on the other side, to which her nose pointed. He yelled to the engineer, "Stop her!"

Then she was a chip on the waters. But after one breathless and helpless minute, which took them almost to the lower end of the island from which they had started, King called again to the engineer:

"Full speed ahead!"

And though the men below were bidding good-by to the things of the upper air, they opened her up again. As he got a little steerage way on her, King put the helm hard over again and stranded her in the only spot sheltered from the stream. A cheer went up from the running crowd. For the victory of the river was not complete.

"I did my best," said King.

"I guess you did," said Andy. "Tie her up."

And he went ashore by a plank thrust out from the bows. As his feet crunched on the gravel he felt as though he had not known the solid earth for many long years, so extreme in concentrated expectation of imminent disaster had been the last few minutes. He sat down on a rock and considered his namesake, stranded on the rocks, but unhurt.

"King!" he called presently.

"Sir!" answered King from the little pilot house where he was examining the wheel.

"Any good trying again?"

"Make her a twenty-knot boat and I'll try once more."

"It can't be done at the price," said Andy. "But this trip isn't through."

"How?" said King again. And his brother Bill came on deck.

"What shall I do mit?" said Andy in familiar shorthand.

"Tote her in wagons up to the lakes."

"I'll not touch a rivet," said Andy. "And I'll have her on the lower river. What'll you take her there for, King?"

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Neither of the brothers spoke, but both turned and looked down the long cañon. And what they saw with their eyes was nothing. In their minds they beheld the worst of the tortured stream below the bar. Could it be done at all?

"It spells out in dollars, Mr. Onderdonk," said King, breaking the long silence.

"I never reckoned it in cents," replied Andy, as he threw a bit of drift quartz into the river.

The brothers spoke together for a moment.

"It could be done with three men," said King presently; "but they must be hired."

"NEXT MOMENT HE FOUND HIMSELF FLAT ON THE DECK, AND, LOOKING UP, HE SAW HIS BROTHER WHIRL THE WHEEL ROUND"

"That's so," said Andy meditatively. "There's me and Bill, here. And the engineer."

"There ain't the engineer," said Bill.

"No?" asked Andy. "Won't he?"

"Not if I know him. It took trouble to get him this morning. But we'll find a man, some way or other."

"I'll give two thousand dollars to have her safe at Yale," said Andy.

"We'll take three," answered King.

"Say two and half."

"And three to our widows if——"

"If I lose the boat?" said Andy.

"That's so, Mr. Onderdonk. And fair enough. It's a big risk, you know."

And Andy considered.

"Done," he said. "And you find the engineer? A real good one?"

King nodded.

"But you will have her ready, with her nose down stream, and properly fixed, Mr. Onderdonk?"

"Of course. How long will it take?"

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"It's fifty miles," said King. "Or say forty-five. The stream runs over fifteen; we can do fifteen. An hour and three-quarters; say two hours, Mr. Onderdonk. We shall be there."

"But bring the steamer," said Andy with a smile. "I'd come with you, but I've too many people depending on me."

And he walked ashore from the little island by a high plank bridge.

"I believe he would," said King. And Bill nodded.

Pete and old Griffiths were sitting in Tracey's hotel that night.

"What did I tell you?" asked Griff for the twentieth time since Andy's hope had gone on the rocks.

"Oh, don't rub it in," said Pete, a little sulkily. "I ain't a Chinaman. If I was off it, so was Andy. And he had the sand to go on her himself. He wasn't afraid."

"You mean that for me?" said Griffiths pathetically, as he pulled at the knots in his ragged gray beard.

"You could have had the job. Now, couldn't he?" cried Pete, appealing to the crowd of men who were standing at the bar, which included the two Kings.

"What job?"

"Engineer on Andy's boat."

Old Griff got up.

"And what for should I take the position, when I knowed she couldn't face the river not longer than a man swimmin'?"

"Would you take it to go down stream in her?" asked one-armed King. And all the crowd laughed. It seemed so impossible.

"Well, I don't know as I mightn't be hired to do that," said Griff, with his head on one side and his eyes on the floor. He looked like a ragged and humorous, but melancholy vulture. "For there's a big difference, the biggest sort of difference, between the two things. Figuring on the flow of this yer river, I, as have knowed it for years, knowed it couldn't be done. But to go down might be done. It's only dangerous; but not impossible. That's where the difference is."

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But King called Griffiths over. "Would you really take the engineer's job if Andy wanted to send her down to Yale, now?"

"I would," said Griffiths, stubbornly.

"Then you can have the job," said King. "For we're going there in the morning."

Griffiths looked rather as if he had been trapped, but he said nothing. Bill King called for drinks.

"Step up, boys, and drink to Andy and the boat, and me and my brother, and Griffith's, here. For we're going to take her to Yale in the morning."

"You don't mean it, Mr. King?" said Tracey, looking earnestly at him."

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And the crowd was silent for a moment, and then a buzz came, and then silence again, as of awe. For in their minds they saw the little steamer in the narrow terror of the stream, and then they saw these living men of that hour drifting in the big pool above Yale. A buzz rose again, and deepened to a subdued roar.

"Great Scott! It's murder of Andy to do it. It's murder!"

"What's he giving us, taffy?"

"No, no; two thousand dollars."

"Two thousand five hundred."

"And three to the widders."

King laughed. In the midst of the talk he and his brother slipped into the dining-room, and there they wrote letters home. Then they called Griffiths.

"Why, no," said he; "I ain't got none to write. Pete is my only partner. And if I goes under—why, I goes. But we haven't fixed the price."

"Two hundred," said King.

"Three," said Griffiths. "And two hundred down for Pete if we don't come out."

And the brothers looked at each other and nodded.

"I'll make it right with Andy," said the elder. "And now turn in, Griff. You'll want your nerve in the morning."

Pete was weeping in their shack when Griff came in. And as Griff fell asleep he heard his partner blubber and repeat again and again, "Poor old Griff will be drowned; he'll be drowned." But when we woke up, Pete was getting breakfast ready as though he were preparing some dreadful sacrament.

"I haven't been a good partner to you, Griff," said Pete; "but when you come back I'll knock off drinking."

"Good old man," said Griff.

By ten o'clock in the morning the Onderdonk was in position, with the bight of a hawser holding her by the stern, and two warps from her bows. She was not making any water to speak of, for she had taken the ground very easily.

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All the population of Lytton was strung out along the bank for five miles below the boat. For each man took up his position according to his notion as to where the necessary catastrophe would happen. It would be fine to see the last of her going triumphantly through danger; but suppose she never got a mile? The fear of it crowded most near the starting place. The farther they went the more hopeful they were in Andy's star.

A. O. himself was on the beach from dawn, directing operations, and only at nine did the Kings and Griffiths come down. Pete came with them to say good-by.

"Your word is sufficient about the money, sir," said the one-armed King, as he went aboard after shaking hands with the contractor. "But Griffiths' partner is to have two hundred dollars if we don't get through."

"Right," said Andy, looking at Pete with some disfavor, for he did not like such casual workers as Pete. "Are you ready?"

"Are you, Griffiths?" asked King.

And Griffiths shoved his head out of the stokehold and engine-room in one. He nodded. "Good-by, Pete."

"Good-by be hanged! I'm coming," said Pete excitedly.

And, scrambling on board, he dropped down below. But he was really wanted.

"Stand by to let go, Pete," called out the elder King.

For Bill took the wheel. "If you are here, you can do that. Let go the starboard head rope."

And Pete slacked it off a bollard and chucked the end overboard. The warp from the port bow was made fast to a tree a good bit down stream on the left bank.

"Take the axe, Pete, and cut the port head rope when I say so. Go ahead half speed with the engines, Griff."

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And the stern-wheel thrashed the waters into foam till the steamer strained the stern-fast into rigid bars.

"Now, boys," said King, "I'm going to cut the hawser aft, and when I cut she starts."

He took the axe in his one hand, and with two blows severed the middle hawser. The next moment the boat was in the current; the crowd sobbed with indrawn breath, and moaned strangely. They heard it on board like the wail of wind in brush.

"Cut, Pete," said the pilot. And, even as Pete's axe fell, they were running down stream at twenty-three or four miles an hour, and the black banks slid swiftly eastward like a vision in a nightmare.

"Keep her in the middle, Bill, and watch my hand."

And the pilot stood on the bows alone, for Pete was below helping Griff to fire. He passed the heavy wood in utter silence. But the two partners had shaken hands.

The news of the strange venture of these men had run down stream even in the night. For one passed it to another, and Boston Bar knew it, and Spuzzum was awake to it, and all dwellers in the cañon knew it. The trains running to Yale knew, and those who traveled looked out from the cars, expecting the sudden advent of a disabled steamer drifting even to Hope—way down below the last bad riffle.

The men building the bridge in the cañon could do no work. They took their half day off and spoke low as they sat on the unfinished cantilever and called to each other over the swift, black stream. The odd Chinamen grubbing in the cracks of the rocks for the dusty drift of scanty gold felt it, and asked stray white men what was coming. For they thought it might be that the Upper Fraser was in flood. They crawled to the higher banks and watched anxiously.

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But the time of the watchers was long; while to those on board it was one swift and very awful moment in which the strained mind sometimes almost went to sleep.

"She hasn't any too good steerage way on her, Hank," said Bill.

"Give her a bit more," cried the pilot to his engineer without turning round. How could he lift his set eyes from the terrible stream over which he ran now? They glanced through space and came round the great circle of the man-worried Boston Bar, which had held so much gold; and now the first half was done. But here the waters narrowed, and the stream boiled, and treacherous mad eddies struck the rudder and nearly wrenched out Bill's strong muscles from their hold.

He sweated in streams; he seemed dizzy; he prayed for keen sight, and bent his shaggy

brows for shelter from the dripping sweat. He wondered if he could last out the next half-hour which would save or end them. And what of the Hell Gate, where the straitest pass was?

His brother at the bows stood like a carved man. He never spoke, nor looked from the stream whose secrets he had tried to win. But a thousand years on the waters below could teach him nothing of the river here. Old Griff had been right and strangely true when he compared the tortured river to a tortured man. "Who could prophesy?"

But they passed, they passed, and yet one peril brought another, and the river seemed alive—a python; something real, something subtly, devilishly intellectual, capable of foresight, of traps laid and led up to, of odd calm before passionate storm. He knew he was playing a game, and the stakes were life; if he won, he won money, but something far more than money to a real man whose ambitions were not the vile distortions of a town.

He would win a big and desperate struggle with nature; he would win a memory, and stand up with that fair pride which so adorns a man who has looked in the very eyes of fate, and by good endowment has come out of the godlike struggle laid on true men since the world began. Oh, better to die so than to elude the task and perish at ease by slow and rusting failure of unused faculties.

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He knew all this, and yet he did not know it. But in such men's faces this knowledge is written, and written plainly, and is read even by the little fat kind who claim to judge them from easy-chairs.

And now even those below knew that the crisis was at hand. They had heard the cheer of men at the Bar; they had heard it rise and culminate and fade as they swept past. They had peered out and seen the cañon close in, but now they felt the swell and surge beneath as though they rode upon the top of a bubbling curve. Thrice and yet again Pete fell as he lifted a piece of wood; his face was bleeding, and in his hands were sharp splinters. Old Griff stood blackly with his hand on the lever, and his ears straining for the signal. It came at last.

"Full speed!"

For, even though they were now almost up with Hell Gate, the currents were so many, and so strangely mixed, that the boat did not steer as she had done. More than once she only missed a submerged rock by a hair's breadth, because she hung stubbornly against the rudder and seemed sulky. For the boat itself was now a living, breathing, and fearful thing to those she carried, who drove her as one drives a mad horse escaping from a fire upon the prairie.

"We're nigh on to Hell Gate," said Pete.

"Get on deck," said his partner quickly.

"No."

"Get on deck at once," said Griff.

And Pete went up and stood where he could look down on his partner. He stared forward and saw King at the bow. Beyond him was the close gap of the Gate. Then he saw King come aft. He smiled at Pete and spoke to his brother.

"Don't look at me, Bill. If you can keep her straight, do. I'm sorry I've not two arms, or I'd give you a spell."

He walked back again to his station. He had left, as he knew that just there nothing depended on his sight. But doing it might encourage his brother, whom he could not help otherwise. Besides, he wanted to look at him once more—in case——

And he thought of his wife down at Yale. Did she know? Would they tell her? No, of course not; they were not such fools as that. Surely not. But if they did not get through! Ah, here is the Gate!

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And somehow the boat appeared to hang and stick, and the huge rocks on each side only crawled toward him. Were they in? Yes, he said, and then for the first time the boat seemed to rise and dip, and the waters stood up over him. Next moment he found himself flat on the deck with his one arm about a stanchion, and, looking up, he saw his brother whirl the wheel round. He rose and staggered and got to his place again. Yes, they were through the Gate. And the pace seemed to increase even yet, and the last few minutes passed like a flash. He motioned "port" or "starboard" with his hand, and then he heard men shouting overhead. He did not look up, and was quite unconscious of the bridge builders, whose hazardous work was so strangely without danger compared with this mad trip of unnumbered centuries.

Then, as he stood wondering if these ranked years would ever drift by, he heard Bill call to him.

"Hank, Hank!"

And as he turned he did not know they were sliding down the last rapid into the big pool above Yale, which meant safety.

But he saw Bill stagger, and he got up to him in time, and only in time, to catch the wheel in his one hand and whirl it back. Bill fell and struck his head. And yet he did not mind. For here was the pool. And a black crowd stood on the rails and came running through one of the tunnels, and he heard them cheer madly. He even fancied he saw his wife sitting on a rock looking anxiously toward him as he came nearer. And then the crowd ran back toward home as he crossed the pool and came round in sight of Yale.

He sighed oddly and felt unsteady, but there was a wonderful feeling of most infinite solacement about him. He was at peace with the whole world. And he ran the steamer on the sloping beach below the little town. For Pete, without orders, had slowed her down. A crowd on the beach made the boat fast and then rushed on board pell-mell, all talking and offering their congratulations.

They tried to shake hands with him, but he waved them all aside and said:

"Look after Bill."

And when he walked ashore he sat down, and the solid earth whirled about him. He came to in the arms of his wife.

"Oh, it wasn't right, Hank," she sobbed.

"Cheer up, old girl," said he. "I know it wasn't. But I've done the cañon."

And Pete and Griffiths came by in the midst of a wild crowd. One solitary journalist who sent news to Victoria buzzed outside the circle. For King's wife drove him away angrily.

"A. O. 'll be glad," said King.

"He ought to be lynched," said his wife.

But King did not think so. That afternoon he went on foot to the pool, and looked up the cañon with a strange expression on his strong, rugged face.

"I always wanted to do it!" he said.

MORLEY ROBERTS

was born in 1857, and was educated at the Bedford Grammar School and Owens College, Manchester. In 1874 he went to Australia and worked on the Victorian Railroad and as ranchman in the bush of New South Wales. Since then he has traveled and worked in India, Texas, California, Oregon, Canada, Manitoba and British Columbia, with voyages to the south seas and around the world. His first book, the Western Avernus, was published in 1887, and since then they have come rapidly. Mr. Roberts' recreations are chess, travel and fishing. His stories are strong and vivid.

WHEN EZRA SANG FIRST BASS

One of the Secrets of the Choir

By LEON MEAD

THE shutters of Jenkins' grocery store had been up an hour or more, and the little, red-whiskered proprietor had been hinting as openly as he dared to half a dozen of his customers, who were sitting around the stove, that he would like to go home. But his ostentatious preparations—the slamming of covers on open barrels and the extinguishing of the lights down to a solitary lamp—made no visible impression on them. For the squat, little stove still radiated a hospitable glow, and the air of the room was comfortingly blue and fragrant with the smoke of many pipes.

The conversation, which had languished while there had been an occasional customer to soothe the nervous proprietor, suddenly became brisk. From chickens, it naturally drifted to poultry diseases, and thence to the uncertainty of life. That suggested religion to Tom Hicks; and religion, revivals; and revivals, sinners. So, by an easy transition, the church choir came up for discussion.

Then it was that old Uncle Ezra, who had been silent through it all, unlimbered ponderously, as properly befitted a great gun of the village.

"Reckon I never told ye 'bout the time I was a bass singer?" he threw out.

A respectful chorus of "Noes," and "Tell us about it, Uncle Ez," answered him. Each member of the party settled back into his chair with a sigh of relief, and the unhappy Jenkins sat down on a cracker-box, for Uncle Ezra, as a man of wealth and position, was not to be interrupted nor hurried.

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"Just twenty-five years ago, when I was in my prime," he began, after a preparatory cough, "the Methodist church was built, and John Tate undertook to organize the choir. They called him the 'percenter,' or something of that kind. 'Tany rate, they were stuck for a bass singer. Every one they invited to try for the position failed. At last some one mentioned my name, and John come to me and asked me to jine 'em. At first I stood out right and said 'no,' not flatterin' myself that I could fill the bill 'tall. I knowed one tune from another, and I told him so; but my voice was weak and anything but deep; besides, at that time I had a little tech of asthma once in a while.

"None of you young fellers never knowed John Tate. He was killed by the Injuns after he went West, but he was the most convincin' man I 'bout ever see, and he got me to come to church that night and try over some of the tunes. I remember I had a terrible cold that day; it was deep sot, and my voice was below zero, so to speak.

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"Well, seein' as I had promised, I went down to the meetin' house, as we called it in them days. Matilda Savory, now the widow Plunkett, was there, and George Delameter, who was to be the tenor, and Rachel Sliter, now deceased, and Susan Black, who I had galivanted round with considerable, and had a slinkin' sweetness for. There was a few others I don't just recollect this minute. We first attacked that hymn runnin'——

"There is a fountain filled with blood."

"I put my whole soul into it, and all the wind I could muster. They was all surprised to find out I had such a good bass voice, and I laughed in my sleeve, because no one seemed to notice that I had a cold. We tried several pieces, and, after finishin', some one was sure to say to me, 'Why, Ez, I had no idee that you had such a splendid bass voice,' and another would say to the one settin' next, 'We couldn't get along without Ez; don't his voice chord in nice?'

"You can believe I was honored, and what made me feel the best was the kinder suppressed look of pride on Susan's face. For the time bein' I really thought I could sing like a—a—blackbird. Yes, that was the comparison I made to myself. You see, I was thinkin' of Susan; her rear name was Black, as I mentioned before.

"This was on a Monday night. John Tate told us to meet again on Saturday evenin' to practice, so's we'd be able to make the new church ring with devout song on the followin' day. On Tuesday, my cold was disappearin', and my normal up-grade voice was comin' back.

"I now had a chance to consider that I had made a mistake in joinin' the choir, for when the time should come for me to make a public exhibition of myself my voice would be pitched entirely too high. Still I felt that this opportunity to become popular with the church folks was too good to be lost. I was a young man, anxious to be a success in business and get some of the custom which went to Andrew Yates, who also kept a grocery. And so I made this resolve: that, if necessary, I would catch another cold on Saturday rather than resign or run the risk of singin' in no set voice on the comin' Sunday.

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"Saturday mornin' arrived, and I hadn't even blowed my nose since Wednesday, just afore I went to bed. So I throwed off my coat and vest and scrambled down cellar, which was just the place to get what I wanted. I hired a little boy to tend store and I sot for nearly an hour on a hogshead of molasses, sneezin' away, but determined not to give up until I'd caught a first-rate cold. When I came upstairs I called out to the boy just to see how my vocal organs was fixed, and they put me in mind of a big bass drum that I'd heard once in a travelin' circus.

"That night I was on hand punctual, and received many more compliments, and went home with Susan, chipper as a butterfly. For fear I wouldn't be hoarse the next morning, I sot in the open winslow of my chamber with my coat and vest off, gazin' at the stars and thinkin' of Susan while I grew hoarser every moment.

"On Sunday mornin' my voice was in good trim, and it was one of the most triumphant moments of my life as I stood up and let it swell out, while all the people down below looked up and watched us with admiration and envy. My throat was rather sore and my chest felt tight, but I paid no attention to them.

"The choir agin met on Monday night, and my voice held its own. During the rest of that week I laid in a stock of soothin' syrup and camphor and other medicines, which I used pretty lavishly, and with good results. But Saturday come, and I found myself hesitatin' whether to go down cellar agin or sever my connection with the choir forever. I had observed that trade had picked up wonderfully within a few days, and the minister himself had dropped in and asked for credit on a pound of cheese, some clothes pins and one or two other articles—I don't just recollect this minute. The Superintendent of the Sabbath-school also came in for the first time and bought a ham and a gallon of sperm oil. If this thing continues, thinks I to myself, I can afford to catch cold for a few weeks, until they can get a natural bass singer, and down cellar I went, leavin' the same little boy to tend the store.

"Well, a year went by, and I was still holdin' forth in the Methodist choir. My business now was flourishin', and although Mr. Yates was a Christian, the church people patronized me as much as they did him; for durin' this time they had a tremendous revival down at Jericho Centre, and I had experienced religion. By being in the choir I had many chances to see Susan home, which would not have happened otherwise, and I valued this circumstance; for my regard for her had gradually deepened into sincere and unmitigated affection.

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"But then Susan up and married a young justice of the peace, who never attended church, and was a bigger sinner than I ever dreamed of bein'. This took Susan out the choir, and left me desolate. I vowed eternal celibacy, and I didn't care who set the Methodist church afire. That was the last of me as a bass singer. Why, reckon it up, and see how many times I've exposed myself to diphtheria, bronchitis and death, and not a livin' soul was in the secret. I got so scientific about it that I could tell how many sneezes would make me hoarse enough to strike the lowest note in Old Hundred without strainin' for it.

"But one thing's been sorter botherin' me all these years. Suppose Rachel Sliter should meet me in Heaven. The very first thing she'd say would be 'Well, if here ain't Ez Hix! Come here, Ezra. I want you to sing some of those good old hymns that we used to sing in Slackville Methodist Church.' That would be just like Rachel."

"Well, Uncle Ez," said Tom Hicks, who had been the old man's most respectful auditor, "You could have 'em open the windows and put ice on you when you was dying, so that you could catch cold and take it along with you and sing for her."

THE MAN WHO HELD THE DADJA PASS

The Lovers of the Colonel's Daughter

By MAUD HOWARD PETERSON

THE night lay about them like a velvet pall, close and hot—a night such as only India knows. The lights of the Post rapidly receded as Her Majesty's men urged on their cavalry horses. No sound broke the black stillness but the quick hoof-beats, and now and again a sharp word of command.

The men were living over the scene of wild excitement through which they had just passed. Hands were still tingling with the answering pressure of comrades' hands; eyes were still tender with the sadness of parting. They were not afraid to meet death—these soldiers, nor were they ashamed of their love for wife and sweet heart and child.

"The last shot for the women! The last shot for the women!"

The words sank themselves into the hearts of the men. Aye; the last shot for the women, unless they succeeded in heading off the attack they were riding out to meet.

The senior officer moved restlessly in his saddle. His pale, dark face was that of a young man; the hands that held the bridle were firm; but he was strangely nervous. He motioned one of his officers to approach.

"Lieutenant Mackenzie," he said, "north of the Dadja Pass is a band of natives hurrying to get through to us. You will take sixty men, block the Pass, and make a stubborn resistance if you are attacked. You understand?"

For an instant his horse came close to that of his junior officer. For an instant the eyes of the two men met. In one burned savage hatred; in the other expostulation, entreaty. Mackenzie raised his hand.

"But—with only sixty——"

"It is enough," answered Pierson, sternly. Suddenly he turned on his comrade.

"I should scarcely have looked for this show of fear from you, Lieutenant."

There was a covert sneer in his voice. The hot blood rushed to the young officer's pale face, and then slowly receded, leaving it whiter than before. Without a word, he raised his hand to his forehead, saluted, and wheeled his horse about. Ten minutes later, he and his men were galloping towards the Dadja Pass.

So that was to be Pierson's revenge because he, too, loved the daughter of their Colonel! It was for this that Pierson, as

leader of the expedition, had ordered him and his men to certain death. Would he win her then? Did she love him?

Mackenzie did not know. Did she love him? He could not tell. Was it this uncertainty that had made Pierson conceive this plan for his death?

The Dadja Pass! Rather, the Pass of Death! The sweat stood out in great beads on him. There was a queer ringing sensation in his head. Then the taunt of his enemy came back to him. Fear! Mackenzie laughed harshly. He had never known the meaning of the word. He would fight like a fiend! He would show Pierson—show her—how a British officer can die! On they rode, through the darkness of the night.

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At the entrance to the Dadja Pass he paused and faced his men. They had never seen him look so commanding; they never remembered the time in all the years of their service when his genial voice with its broad Scotch brogue had stirred them as it stirred them now.

"We have been ordered to hold the Pass and await the attack," he said. "We will hold it until we can no longer stand. Every man is expected to do his duty."

Deeper into the Dadja Pass they pressed; close up to its further opening. Here they halted, dismounted, and crouched behind their horses.

They had not long to wait. The onslaught was swift and deadly. One of their little band fell; then another, and another, and another.

Something struck Mackenzie on the arm, something hot and stinging. It hurt for an instant, and then the pain was forgotten in the desperate fight for life.

"The Pass must be held!" he shouted. "The Pass must be held! The Pass——" The words died in his throat.

Inch by inch, the natives were driving them back. A trooper bound up his arm, staunching the flow of blood from the wound. Curses and wild cries filled the air. How long he leaned there he never knew. It might have been minutes or hours. Gradually, the din ceased, and, as the sun rose higher, some one came and touched him on the arm.

"Sorry to disturb you, sir," said a trooper breathlessly, saluting, "but Cap'n Pierson's been 'urt and is asking for you. Shall I 'elp you, sir?"

Mackenzie shook him off. A sudden fierce joy swept over him. "No," he cried sharply. The trooper waited a moment.

"Ar'n't you a-coming, sir?" he asked respectfully.

Something in the voice awoke the slumbering chivalry in Mackenzie. He staggered to his feet. He was weak with the loss of blood from his wound. The effort was too much and he sank back.

"I can't do it, Hartwick," he said with a grim smile. "Call one of the men, and perhaps the two of you can carry me to him."

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They lifted him carefully and bore him tenderly up the Dadja Pass to the outskirts of a little group that parted and fell back when they drew near. A surgeon was leaning over Pierson, his face full of pity.

He stepped aside, helped Mackenzie forward and patted him on the back. "You're made of the right stuff, my boy," he said; "the stuff that wins the Victoria Cross."

Pierson opened his eyes and smiled faintly. He feebly motioned the men aside. Mackenzie bent over him. He tried to speak and failed. Again he tried. The words rattled in his throat.

"She told me—yesterday—she loved—you. It made—a fiend—of me. I—I tried to—but—I—repented. I left the rest—of the command—with Sterling. I came as—fast as—I could. She never loved me—but she said—she respected me. When she—knows——"

Mackenzie leaned down close so that the clouding sight of the other might see him.

"She never shall know," he said simply. "I swear this shall be between you and me."

The shadow of a smile flickered over the face Pierson turned to him. Then it faded into a strange, mysterious calm.

Mackenzie bent over him, and folded his hands upon his breast. Then he rose. For the instant his wound had ceased to pain. She loved him! After all, this other man, who had loved her, too, had died to save him for her. He could forgive him.

Then he turned to the surgeon: "He was a real hero," he said very gently.

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Richard and the Other.—Richard le Gallienne, the effeminate English poet who recently lectured in New York, has made what he is pleased to call a translation of the Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám, of which Edward Fitzgerald's has long been the standard. It is related that a certain man went into a bookshop and conversed with a friend behind the counter. "Have you read Richard le Gallienne's version of Omar Khayyám?" he asked, and the friend replied: "No. I prefer Edward Fitzgerald's. I don't care for Cissy."

"IT WAS A HAND-TO-HAND FIGHT NOW"

He felt stronger. Faint streaks of light appeared in the eastern sky. Mackenzie was dimly conscious of being glad. If they were to die, as they surely would, it was good to have seen the sun rise once again.

"Men," he cried, "we die, but we die right here. We'll not retreat another inch!"

They gathered themselves together for the last stand. Their ammunition was gone. It was a hand-to-hand fight now. On, on, over their dead horses they pressed forward again; on over their fallen comrades, whose cold, dead faces urged them to a fiercer frenzy. On they surged, and behind them, like a great wave breaking on the sea-coast, pressed the reinforcements they had not known were near. Into the heart of the Pass swept a detachment of cavalry, with Pierson at its head. Mackenzie scarcely wondered at seeing him there and then, just when he was needed most. He did not wonder at anything. The present seemed far off and he was slipping into a past, lighted with the glory of a face which had watched him ride away that night.

Pierson thrust him and his broken little band aside. Mackenzie leaned against the wall of rock and the fight began afresh.

THE WOMAN WHO TRUSTED

BY

WILL N. HARBEN

WITH PHOTOGRAPHIC ILLUSTRATIONS BY MATHILDE WEIL

Thirtieth Chapter

IT WAS the evening of Louis Chester's marriage. Wilmot, clad in a dress suit, was with him in his room putting the finishing touches to the groom's toilet. There seemed to him a bitter sarcasm in his performing this duty for his friend when he himself had renounced love and happiness with the one woman of his world! He would soon be preparing for his own wedding! He would stand before the marriage altar with the relict of the late Mr. Sennett—the marriage halter, it seemed to him!

"I never saw you look so well, Chester," remarked Wilmot. "How do you feel?"

"Tip-top," laughed Chester; "I never felt better in my life. It's going to be the making of me, Lee. What a fool I was to fear to accept the love that meant life to me! I was like a starving man, afraid to eat at a Royal feast because of his terror of possible indigestion—a half-clad beggar, rejecting rich raiment because the style might go out of fashion in a few years! I have blocked my own path of happiness for years. I have let myself eclipse myself. Oh! Wilmot, the biggest fool in the world is the intellectual fool—the man who lets his mind lead him away from his Paradise through a maze of sophistry. A man should never let false ideas of honor lead him away from the woman he loves."

Wilmot winced. He hardly knew if Chester meant this directly for him, or whether it was merely an arrow of abstract philosophy that had chanced to hit the bull's-eye of personal application. But he must not obtrude his own sorrow on this evening of his friend's happiness; he would not be a mourning guest at this marriage feast.

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"Whom do you expect here to-night, Chester?" said Wilmot, ignoring his friend's running comments and trying to speak in an off-hand, easy way.

Chester was for the seventeenth time adjusting his necktie, picking an almost invisible grain of dust from his spotless coat-sleeve, and trying vainly to be as cool as if he had weddings served three times a day with his meals. He seemed to hesitate a moment before answering; then he said:

"Very few; you see, we couldn't have a crowd of friends. We thought the fewer there were present the fewer would be offended by not being invited. I should have liked to have gone out into the highways and byways, as they did in the Bible times, and asked people in to the wedding feast, but it didn't seem just right. Harrison has sneaked off. He was awfully upset, and I don't blame him a bit, poor fellow. I can afford to be magnanimous. He had hoped all along that she would throw me over. He actually turned white when I told him, and said he had an important engagement up town, and regretted he couldn't attend the wedding."

"Any ladies coming?" questioned Wilmot, tremulously, fearing the answer to his question.

"Only Mrs. Drule and her daughter, and Dorothea begged so hard to get in to give us a send-off that I couldn't refuse. When she sees the bride's dress she'll be inspired. But the most beautiful thing in wedding dresses this season is—Aline."

"Is that all the ladies?" pursued the questioner.

"All?" hesitatingly; "yes, old man, that's all. Now run upstairs and hurry them a little. The Rev. Mr. Blake went to the studio some time ago. Go and entertain him. Dorothea 'll strike us at the last minute, pencil and pad in hand, a messenger boy at her heels to receive the copy. I'll like her write-up if she'll only say enough about the bride, and not make me out too old."

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Wilmot found the minister sitting bolt upright in a corner, his hands folded in front of him. He introduced himself as the groom's best man, and gave a few directions about the entry of the bridal party, and where and how they were to be placed.

Weyland came in, and blustered about the studio arranging curtains, screens, flowers and hangings.

"We're going to lose her, Lee," he said. "The Lord only knows how I am going to get along without her, but I shall follow them to Boston before long. Louis has simply got to adopt a father-in-law—he's got to take the mortgage with the property, and I'm the mortgage."

Mrs. Drule, a large, florid woman and her daughter, a tall maiden lady, came in and shook hands with Weyland. He introduced them to the two gentlemen as close friends of his and Aline's; they chatted a while.

Then something happened which caused Wilmot's heart almost to stop beating. A maid came in from Aline's room, leaving the door open for an instant, and Wilmot caught sight of the bride, in a gray, tailor-made gown, standing before a pier glass; and, standing by her, was—Muriel Fairchild. At that instant Muriel noticed the door standing ajar and went to close it. Her eyes met Wilmot's and she smiled and bowed. The door shut her from his view, and he thought of the lost Peri standing outside the closed door of Paradise. In a few moments the door of Aline's room again opened, and Muriel, calm and self-possessed, though a trifle pale, came into the studio.

"Pauline, Miss Weyland wants you," she said to the maid, and she advanced to Wilmot, her hand extended in greeting.

"You didn't know I was here, Wilmot," she said quietly.

"I had no idea of it," replied Wilmot, flushing to the roots of his hair, as he caught her hand in his.

"Mr. Chester kindly sent a carriage for me," she said. "He didn't tell you I was coming. He wanted to be sure his best man would not desert him at the last moment."

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"Life is hard enough, Muriel; don't add to my sorrow," Wilmot whispered in a voice he tried to keep firm.

"Well, you have studiously avoided me on all other occasions, you can't deny that," returned Muriel, seeking to carry off a trying situation with an assumption of airy ease. "But I'm glad I came, even if you don't want to meet me; for Aline's the dearest little woman I ever knew. I fell in love with her as soon as Mr. Chester told me not a single girl near her own age would be here. I came early to help her with my valuable suggestions and criticisms."

"You couldn't do otherwise than come—with that big heart of yours," said Wilmot, his eyes meeting hers with a glance that told more than his words. Words tell what the head thinks; eyes and silence tell what the heart feels.

"I really wanted to meet you, too, particularly," said Muriel, and now her face seemed to harden and lose a little of its color. "The truth is, I have a message for you, Wilmot."

"A message for me?"

"Yes; your father wrote me about you."

"What can he have to tell you about me?"

"No; you must not blame him, Wilmot." Muriel moved to a window that looked down into the street. He saw that she wanted to speak to him before the others came. "No; you mustn't blame him, for he's in great trouble about you."

"I don't quite understand," said Wilmot, perplexed. "What did he write you?"

"It's very hard for me to bring it up—a certain subject—again," said the girl, twisting her white fingers together; "but I must, for he's implored me to do so. You know he naturally thinks we meet every day or so, as we did when we were happy at home."

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"I know—yes, yes. Go on, please," said Wilmot, and his nervousness made his words sound impatient.

"He's read the announcement of your engagement," said Muriel. "It was copied in the home paper. There's naturally a good deal of talk about it down there. He's troubled because—because she's older than you, and as she's rich he's afraid he had something to do with bringing it about. He implored me to see you (I got his letter this morning) and beg you not to take any step without fully considering it in every way."

"He suspects——" the words Wilmot had framed in his mind died away into nothingness. He felt as if he were choking.

"Yes; that is it," said Muriel.

Wilmot tried to speak, but he could not. He felt that it would be impossible to utter a word at that moment. There was almost an appeal for mercy in the tender, worshipful glance he gave her. His hand quivered as he caught the curtain and drew it aside, and to hide the tears that his tense emotion had forced into his eyes he looked out into the gathering night.

The feeble tones of a street piano came up mellowed by the height and the city's monotone. A group of little girls were dancing on the pavement under the glare of the electric light. He could see them whirling in pairs, throwing out their feet and arms in joyous unison. He heard a loud laugh from many throats. A man who was trying to mount a bicycle had fallen, but he was laughing with the others. The world down there was so light-hearted, while he was——

EDITOR'S NOTE—This story, The Woman Who Trusted, was begun in No. 48 of the POST, May 28.

"Forgive me for mentioning it," said Muriel. "I see I've hurt your feelings. But, oh, Wilmot, if you only knew——"

She ceased speaking, and turning to Weyland, who had suddenly approached, she greeted him with a smile.

"How was she, Miss Fairchild?" asked Weyland.

"She was looking beautiful," answered Muriel. "You ought to be proud of her." He looked at his watch, and bent his head to see who was ringing at the open door.

"It is Mrs. Langdon," he said. "We were to wait for her. Now, Lee, run downstairs and bring up your end of the business. I'll go after the bride."

At the door Wilmot met Mrs. Langdon.

"How do you do, Mr. Lee," she said sheepishly, as she raised her hand and gave it a downward crook before his eyes.

"I'm quite well, thank you," said Wilmot, taking her hand in a limp kind of a way, expressive of courtesy under protest. He passed on into the corridor and went down to Chester's rooms.

"By Jove, I thought you never would come. What made you so long? Oh, I know; it was Miss Fairchild."

Chester stood before the glass and took a last look at himself in the mirror.

"You must forgive me, old man," he said. "I wanted her to know Aline, and then—well, to be frank, I hoped that if I brought you two together at my wedding something might come of it—something that would do away with one glaring blunder of your life and make you eventually as happy as I am. I've been a fool, but I'm ending it; you're just beginning your folly. Think of it, Lee! I love you too well—but you know how I feel about it. Go ahead. Lead me to her! I'm ready."

As the two young men stood side by side in the little corridor in front of the studio door, they saw Mrs. Drule seated at the piano, and looking first into Aline's room and then back at them.

The minister stood under the chandelier, which was hung with roses.

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"Get ready," cried Mrs. Drule, "and when I've played a bar or so come in, and keep step." She evidently got a signal from Weyland at the door of his daughter's room, for she began to play a wedding march, and then nodded to them to come in.

As they entered, Weyland, his daughter on his arm, advanced to meet them in front of the minister. Then the best man and the father stood aside and the couple stood before Mr. Blake, their heads bowed.

Dorothea, pencil in hand, was leaning over a piece of paper lying before her on the top of the piano. There was a wistful, sympathetic expression in her eyes which made her look more youthful. It was as if she were recalling some period of her life before she had drifted to the shores of Bohemia. Weyland's eyes were moist. Chester swept the assembled group with an exultant glance, and then smiled and looked down at the floor.

The flowers which were massed about the chandelier threw a shadow over the young bride. She had never looked so well. The minister coughed, and glanced at Dorothea. It was as if he were wondering if her satirical pen would busy itself later on with his awkwardness. If she made sport of anything, he thought, it would be his overabundance of flesh, of which he was day by day growing more sensitive. He decided that her attack would be on that line, seeing that she was a thin woman.

Silence fell on the room. The sounds were now all on the outside of the building. The street piano had been rolled a few doors on and its notes were softer. The tune was Marguerite.

The short ceremony only occupied a few moments. Weyland stepped forward and kissed his daughter, with her head on his massive shoulder, and then he shook hands with Chester.

"She's a good girl, Louis; she'll make you a good wife," was all he said.

Then the others came forward and congratulated him, and wished the beautiful bride all the happiness she deserved.

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As Wilmot clasped his friend's hand and offered his best wishes, Chester simply said:

"Let my precept and practice admonish you, Lee. Go thou and do likewise. Do it, I tell you. You and I happen to know the only two girls in the universe, any way."

Wilmot made no reply, as he stepped back to give place to James Fitch Ellerton, who had just arrived in his business suit, and stood offering congratulations and apologies for his appearance all in the same breath.

"Couldn't stay downstairs after Mrs. McGowan told me what was going on and that you would take the train in a few minutes. I only got Weyland's note a minute ago and had no time to dress. I hope I'll do."

The whole room joined in a merry laugh. The street piano had come round to the front door of the building, and Mrs. Drule was beating time with her foot.

Weyland imposed silence on them in the midst of their joy by raising his hand.

"I'm not going to make a speech," he said. "But I want to thank you for coming. I would take you all over to Ricker's and give you a big dinner, but I don't want to dine merrily just now with my little one speeding away. They have only a few minutes to catch their train, and the carriage is ready and waiting for them."

Every one descended to the entrance below. Mrs. McGowan brought out a little bag of rice, and Ellerton got ready to throw it after the couple as they went out.

Chester looked prouder and younger than ever as he came down the steps with his bride. As she said farewell to Muriel, she kissed her, and Wilmot standing near heard her whisper:

"We've already become such good friends; now don't forget your promise to visit us before returning South again."

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Muriel promised. The couple just married passed into the carriage, and, under a shower of rice from Ellerton's energetic hands, the four-wheeler rolled away. Another immediately took its place, and the driver jumped down from his seat and opened the door.

"Oh, I was about to forget you!" exclaimed Weyland to Muriel. "This is your carriage, and Chester gave me most explicit instructions to give you over into Lee's charge. He knew I would be too badly shaken up to do my duty even to a pretty girl."

"Mr. Lee will be quite equal to it, whether the girl be pretty or not," smiled Muriel.

"Are you ready now?" asked Wilmot eagerly. He would not have volunteered to take her home, but now that Chester had, with such evident good will, arranged it, he felt blissfully irresponsible, joyously reckless. He was tingling all over with delight at the prospect of that brief few words with her which he was going to have despite all that society might say. He hardly heard anything else that was said. It seemed to him needlessly long—Muriel's hand-shaking with Weyland and her exchange of platitudes with Mrs. Langdon.

"I've heard so much of your voice at the Galatin," said Mrs. Langdon. "Those who have heard you tell me you have a great future before you. You must come to my Thursday afternoons upstairs in my rooms," she continued. "Very often I have some of the best talent in the city. Singers have often told me that my 'at homes' bring them into notice very quickly."

"Thank you," said Muriel very coldly.

"You perhaps know of my newspaper work," ran on Mrs. Langdon. "You must let me have your photograph and some data about yourself. A good write-up in my column would put you before the public at once."

"You're very kind," said Muriel, in no little embarrassment. "But I'm not ready to sing before the general public yet, and my father and mother wouldn't care to see my name and picture in the papers."

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Thirty-first Chapter

WILMOT led Muriel to the carriage and got in after her. He was so full of happiness—short-lived as he knew it would be—that he was simply content to sit and realize that they were near together—that he and she were inclosed by such narrow walls—and alone.

The carriage rolled smoothly over the asphalt pavement. The street lights now and then threw random rays into their faces.

"Are you angry with me, Wilmot?" Muriel questioned in a faint voice.

"For what?" he asked, struggling to rise sufficiently above the flood of bliss in which he was submerged to grasp her meaning.

"For allowing Mr. Chester to entrap you into escorting me home. It would have been very easy for me to have made some excuse and released you from doing so."

"I adore Chester for it. He's a brick, Muriel. It's wrong, I know, under the circumstances, but I've been fairly famished to see you—if only for a moment."

The clatter of passing vehicles was so loud that she was at that moment obliged to put her head very near his own to hear what he said, and he felt her hair touch his face.

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"And do you think I've not wanted to see you, Wilmot? Oh, I could never tell you how I've suffered, even in a thousand years. Coming to New York was my dream. To be here with you, and see you often, and hear you talk about your hopes and fears, your plans, your successes—to have met your friends and entered the life you loved would have been joy to me; but now, as it is, I simply have no right to you. You belong to another, and that other—Oh, Wilmot! She cannot give you what God intended to bless you with—real, genuine happiness. She can't, Wilmot! I've thought over it night after night, day after day, till I'm almost mad. Don't think me unwomanly. It's not for myself that I'm pleading, but for you—you whom I love. I shall never marry, but this—this is worse than death—to see you—Oh, I can't bear to think of it, Wilmot!"

"I can see no way out of the darkness, darling," he said. "I did not realize what I was doing. I confess——"

"I know exactly how it happened," broke in the girl, her voice full of tenderness. "I know how it was. It was a generous impulse on your part. She had done so much for you in a disinterested way, helping you with your book, helping you with money when your father was in such trouble. You needn't explain to me, Wilmot. I know all about it. I see it as clearly as if I had been there with you."

"I'm glad you do understand it, Muriel," he said, taking her hand and pressing it. "If you'd thought me—you understand—if you had misjudged me, I'd never have stood it as long as I have. After all, knowing that I still have your love—your pity has kept me from breaking down completely."

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"The hardest thing for me to bear is this," declared Muriel, looking out of the window to see where they were. "It looks as if you are not considering me as much as you are her. I can see you feel that to break your engagement would bring ridicule upon your benefactress, and you don't want to do it."

"Exactly that," said Wilmot. "On the other hand," went on Muriel, in a significant tone, which held just a touch of resentment, "or rather on the other side of the balance, is the first love of a young girl, and that love is actually her life. To give an old woman a toy, to dangle before her purblind sight for the few remaining years of her life, you consign a young love to a long life of despair—for that's what it amounts to, Wilmot."

Wilmot started. It was as if she had struck him a blow between the eyes. He had never seen the case from Muriel's standpoint. His blood bounded madly through his veins, his heart-beats sounded as loud to him as the hoof-beats of the horses ahead of them.

"Then I'll simply leave it to you, dear little girl," he said. "I've made a fool of myself, but it lies with you to direct my course for me. If you say so, I'll never visit her again. I'll write and break the engagement at once—to-night."

Muriel was silent. They were passing through a street where there were few lights. They would soon be at the Galatin. Their interview would be over in a moment. He saw, in the flash from a brilliantly lighted shop window, that she was pale and quivering. She drew her hand from his clasp, and put it to her face and leaned forward, her elbows on her knees. Presently she looked up.

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"I've pictured to myself many times lately that you might put the responsibility on me like this, and every time I've said that I would advise you to leave her, but I simply can't do it now. God never seems to bless things asked for in a selfish spirit, and this would be selfish. I'm afraid to tell you to do it, Wilmot."

She was silent for a moment; then she put her hand back into his.

"Wilmot, you remember when you kissed me good-by that night in Dadeville?"

"As if I could forget it!"

"Well, ever since then you have seemed to be mine, and I seemed to be yours. No other man ever kissed me, Wilmot."

"I know that, Muriel."

"Have you ever kissed—her, Wilmot?"

"Never; nor shall I as long as God lets me live."

"I'm going to leave it with God," said Muriel. "I've been praying he would make something happen to save you, and I'll continue to do so. I believe to-night that my prayer may be answered. Somehow, I don't feel that you're lost to me."

The carriage had drawn up in front of the wide entrance of the hotel. Wilmot opened the door of the carriage and helped her up the stone steps. His emotions had so overcome him that he was afraid to utter a word. He only bowed to her. Then he reëntered the carriage and was driven back to his rooms.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"CHESTER LOOKED PROUDER AND YOUNGER THAN EVER AS HE CAME DOWN THE STEPS"

WITH DRAWINGS BY FRANK X. LEYENDECKER

"IS KELUP Rivers comin' over here to-night?" suddenly asked Aunt Melissa Adams, peering over her gold-bowed glasses, and fixing her small, shrewd eyes sharply upon her niece.

Amanda did not look up from her fine hemming, but her thin hand trembled almost imperceptibly, and she gave a little start, as if such attacks were not unexpected.

"I don't know," she answered.

"Dunno! Why don't ye know?" said her aunt, beginning to sway back and forth in the old-fashioned rocking-chair, but not once dropping her eyes from Amanda's face. "Don't he come every Saturday night?"

Amanda took another length of thread, and this time her hand really shook.

"I guess so," she answered.

"You guess so? Don't ye know? An' if he's come every Saturday night for fifteen year, ain't he comin' to-night? I dunno what makes you act as if you wa'n't sure whether your soul's your own, 'Mandy Green. My dander al'ays rises when I ask you a civil question an' you put on that look."

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Amanda bent more closely over her sewing. She was a woman of thirty-five, with a pathetically slender figure, thin blond hair painstakingly crimped, and anxious blue eyes. Something deprecating lay in her expression; her days had been uncomplainingly sacrificed to the comfort of those she loved, and the desire of peace and good-will had crept into her face and stayed there. Her mother, who looked even slighter than she, and whose cheeks were puckered by wrinkles, sat by the window watching the two with a smile of empty content. Old Lady Green had lost her mind, said the neighbors; but she was sufficiently like her former self to be a source of unspeakable joy and comfort to Amanda, who nursed and petted her as if their positions were reversed, and protected her from the blunt criticism of the literal-tongued neighborhood with a reverential awe belonging to the old days when the fifth commandment was obeyed.

"Gold-bowed," said Mrs. Green, with a look of unalloyed delight, pointing to her sister-in-law's spectacles; and Aunt Melissa repeated indulgently:

"Yes, yes; gold-bowed. I'll let you take 'em a spell, arter I've set my heel. It'll please her, poor creatur'," she added, in an audible aside to Amanda. Since the time when Mrs. Green's wits had ceased to work normally, she had treated her sympathetically, but from a lofty eminence. Aunt Melissa was, perhaps, too prosperous. She sat there, swaying back and forth in her thin black silk trimmed with narrow rows of velvet, her heavy chin sunk upon a broad collar, worked in her youth, and she seemed to Mrs. Green a vision of majesty and delight; but to Amanda a virtuous censor, necessarily to be obeyed, yet whose presence made the summer day intolerable. Even her purple cap-ribbons bespoke terror to the evil-doer, and her heavy face was set, as a judgment, toward the doom of the man who knew not how to account for his actions. She began speaking again, and Amanda involuntarily gave a little start, as at a lightning flash.

"I says to myself, when I drove off, this mornin': 'I'll have a little talk with 'Mandy. I don't go there to spend a day more'n four times a year, an' like as not she'll be glad to have somebody to speak to, seein' 's her poor mother's how she is.'"

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Amanda gave a quick look at Mrs. Green; but the old lady was busily pleating the hem of her apron and then smoothing it out again. Aunt Melissa rocked, and went on:

"I says to myself: 'Here they let Kelup carry on the farm at the halves, an' go racin' an' trottin' from the other place over here day in an' day out. An' when his Uncle Nat died, two years ago, then was the time for him to come over here an' marry 'Mandy an' carry on the farm. But no, he'd ruther hang round the old place, an' sleep in the ell-chamber, an' do their chores for his board, an' keep on a-runnin' over here.' An' when young Nat married, I says to myself, 'That'll make him speak.' But it didn't—an' you're a laughin'-stock, 'Mandy Green, if ever there was one. Every time the neighbors see him steppin' by Saturday nights, all fixed up with that brown coat on he's had sence the year one, they have suthin' to say. 'Goin' over to 'Mandy's,' that's what they say. An' on'y last Saturday one on 'em hollered out to me, when I was pickin' a mess o' peas for Sunday. 'Wonder what 'Mandy'll answer when he gits round to askin' of her?' I hadn't a word to say."

Amanda had put down her sewing in her lap, and was looking steadfastly out of the window, with eyes brimmed by two angry tears. Once she wiped them with a furtive movement of the white garment in her lap; her cheeks were crimson. Aunt Melissa had lashed herself into a passion of words.

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"An' I says to myself, 'If there ain't nobody else to speak to 'Mandy, I will,' I says, when I was combin' my hair this mornin'. 'She ain't got no mother,' I says, 'nor as good as none, an' if she ain't spunk enough to look out for herself, somebody's got to look out for her.' An' then it all come over me—I'd speak to Kelup himself, an' bein' Saturday night, I knew I should ketch him here."

"Oh, Aunt Melissa!" gasped Amanda, "you wouldn't do that!"

"Yes, I would, too!" asserted Aunt Melissa, setting her firm lips. "You see if I don't, an' afore another night goes by."

But while Amanda was looking at her, paralyzed with the certainty that no mortal aid could save her from this dire extremity, there came an unexpected diversion. Old Lady Green spoke out clearly and decidedly from her corner, in so rational a voice that it seemed like one calling from the dead:

"'Mandy, what be you cryin' for? You come here an' tell me what 'tis, an' I'll see to't. You'll spile your eyes, 'Mandy."

"There, there, ma'am! 'taint anything," said Amanda, hurrying over to her chair and patting her on the shoulder. "We was just havin' a little spat—Aunt Melissa an' me; but we've got all over it. Don't you want to knit on your garter a little while now?"

But the old lady kept her glazed eyes fixed on Amanda's face.

"Be you well to-day, 'Mandy?" she said, wistfully. "If you aint' well, you must take suthin'."

"There, there! don't you make a to-do, an' she'll come round all right," said Aunt Melissa, moving her chair about so that it faced the old lady. "I'll tell her suthin' to take up her mind a little." And she continued, in the loud voice which was her concession to Mrs. Green's feebleness of intellect, "They've got a boarder over to the Blaisdells'."

Mrs. Green sat up straight in her chair, smoothed her apron, and looked at her sister with grateful appreciation.

"Do tell!" she said, primly.

"Yes, they have. Name's Chapman. They thought he was a book agent fust. But he's buyin' up old dishes an' all matter o' truck. He wanted my andirons, an' I told him if I hadn't got a son in a Boston store, he might ha' come round me, but I know the vally o' things now. You don't want to sell them blue coverlids o' yourn, do ye?"

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Aunt Melissa sometimes asked the old lady questions from a sense of the requirements of conversation, and she was invariably startled when they elicited an answer.

"Them coverlids I wove myself, fifty-five years ago come next spring," said Mrs. Green firmly. "Sally Ann Mason an' me used to set up till the clock struck twelve that year, spinin' an' weavin'. Then we had a cup or two o' green tea, an' went to bed."

"Well, you wove 'em, an' you don't want to sell 'em," said Aunt Melissa, her eyes on her work. "If you do, 'Lijah, he'll take 'em right up to Boston for you, an' I warrant he'll git you a new white spread for every one on 'em."

"That was the year afore I was married," continued Old Lady Green. "I had a set o' white chiny, with lavender sprigs, an' my dress was changeable. He had a flowered weskit. 'Mandy, you go into the clo'es-press in my bedroom an' git out that weskit, an' some o' them quilts."

Amanda hurried into the bedroom, in spite of Aunt Melissa's whispered comment: "What makes you go to overhaulin' things? She'll forget it in a minute."

While she was absent, a smart wagon drove up to the gate, and a young man alighted from it, hitched his horse, and knocked at the front door. Aunt Melissa saw him coming, and peered at him over her glasses with an unrecognizing stare.

"'Mandy!" she called—"'Mandy, here's a peddler or suthin'! If he's got any essences, you ask him for a little bottle o' pep'mint."

Amanda dropped the pile of coverlets on the sofa, and went to the front door. Presently she reappeared, and with her, smoothly talking her down, came the young man. His eyes lighted first on the coverlets, with a look of cheerful satisfaction.

"Got all ready for me, didn't you?" he asked briskly. "Heard I was coming?"

He was a man of an alert Yankee type, with waxed blond mustache and eye-glasses; he was evidently to be classed among those who have exchanged their country honesty for a veneer of city knowingness.

"For the land's sake!" ejaculated Aunt Melissa, as soon as she had him at short range, "you're the one down to Blaisdell's that's buyin' up all the old truck in the neighborhood. Well, you won't git my andirons!"

He had begun to unfold the blue coverlets and examine them with a practiced eye, while Amanda stood by, painfully conscious that some decisive action might be required of her; and her mother sat watching the triumph of her quilts in pleased importance.

"They ain't worth much," he said, dropping them, with a conclusive air. "Fact is, they ain't worth anything, unless anybody's got a fancy for such old stuff. I'll give you fifty cents apiece for the lot! How many are there here—four? Two dollars, then."

Amanda took a hasty step forward.

"But we don't want to sell our coverlids!" she said, indignantly.

"I guess they don't want to git rid on 'em," said her aunt, "'specially at such a price. They're wuth more'n that to cover up the squashes when the frost comes."

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"Mother wove 'em herself," exclaimed Amanda irrelevantly.

"Well, then, I s'pose they're hers to do as she likes with?" he said pleasantly, tipping back in his chair, and beginning to pare his nails with an air of nicety that fascinated Amanda into watching him. "They're hers, I s'pose?" he continued, looking suddenly and keenly up at her.

"Why, yes," she answered, "they're mother's, but she don't want to sell."

"Just like me, for all the world," owned the stranger. "Now there's plenty of folks that wouldn't care a Hannah Cook about such old truck, but it just hits me in the right spot. Mother's doughnuts, mother's mince-pies, I say! Can't improve on them! And when my wife and I bought our little place, I said to her, 'We'll have it all furnished with old-fashioned goods.' And here I am, taking time away from my business, and paying money for what's no use to any one but me."

"What is your business?" interrupted Aunt Melissa authoritatively.

"Oh, insurance—a little of everything—Jack-of-all-trades!" Then he turned to old Mrs. Green, and asked abruptly: "What'll you take for that clock?"

The old lady followed his alert forefinger until her eyes rested on the tall eight-day clock in the corner. She straightened herself in her chair, and spoke with pride:

"That clock was Jonathan's gre't-Uncle Samwell's. He wound it every Sunday night, reg'lar as the day come round. I've rubbed that case up till I sweat like rain. 'Mandy, she rubs it now."

"Well, what'll you take?" persisted he, while Amanda, in wordless protest, stepped in front of the clock. "Five dollars?"

"Five dollars!" repeated the old lady.

"Yes, five dollars," he answered.

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But Aunt Melissa came to the rescue.

"Five dollars for that clock?" she repeated, winding her ball, and running the needles into it with a conclusive stab. "Well, I guess there ain't any eight-day clocks goin' out o' this house for five dollars, if they go at all! 'Mandy, why don't you speak up, an' not stand there like a chicken with the pip?"

"Oh, all right, all right!" said the visitor, shutting his knife with a snap, and getting briskly on his feet. "I don't care much about buying. That ain't a particularly good style of clock, anyway. But I like old things. I may drop in again, just to take a look at 'em. I suppose you're always at home?" he said to Amanda, with his hand on the door.

"Yes; but sometimes I go to Sudleigh with butter. I go Monday afternoons most always, after washin'."

With a cheerful good-day he was gone, and Amanda drew a long breath of relief.

"Well, some folks have got enough brass to line a kittle," said Aunt Melissa, carefully folding her knitting-work in a large silk handkerchief. "'Mandy, you'll have to git supper a little earlier'n common for me. I told Hiram to come by half arter six. Do you s'pose Kelup'll be round by that time? I'll wait all night afore I'll give up seein' him this time!"

"I don't know, Aunt Melissa," said Amanda, nervously clearing the table of its pile of snowy cloth, and taking a flying glance from the window. She looked like a harrassed animal, hunted beyond its endurance; but suddenly a strange light of determination flashed into her face. "Should you just as lieves set the table," she asked, in a tone of guilty consciousness, "while I start the fire? You know where things are."

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Hardly waiting for an assent, she fled out of the room, and once in the kitchen, laid the fire in haste, with a glance from the window to accompany every movement. Presently, by a little path through the field, came a stocky man in blue overalls and the upper garment known as a jumper. He was bound for the pigpen in the rear of the barn; and there Amanda flew to meet him, stopping only to throw an apron over her head. They met at the door. He was a fresh-colored man, with honest brown eyes and a ring of whiskers under the chin. He had a way of blushing, and when Amanda came upon him thus unannounced, he colored to the eyes.

"Why, you're all out o' breath!" he said.

"Oh, Caleb!" she cried, looking at him with imploring eyes, "I'll feed the pigs."

Caleb regarded her in dull wonderment. Then he put down the pail he had taken.

"Ain't there any taters to bile?" he asked, solving the difficulty in his own way; "or ain't you skimmed the milk? I'd jest as soon wait."

"You better not wait," answered Amanda, almost passionately. "You better go right back. I'd ruther do it myself."

Caleb turned about. He took a few steps, then stopped, and called hesitatingly over his shoulder, "I thought maybe I'd come an' set a spell to-night."

Then, indeed, Amanda felt her resolution crack and quiver. "I guess you better come some other night," she said, in a steady voice, though her face was wet with tears. And Caleb walked away, never once looking back. Amanda stayed only to wipe her eyes, saying meanwhile to her sorry self, "Oh, I dunno how I can get along! I dunno!" Then she hurried back to the house, to find the kettle merrily singing, and Aunt Melissa standing at the kitchen cupboard.

"If you've got two sets o' them little gem-pans, you might lend me one," she remarked; Amanda agreed, not caring what she gave.

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The supper was eaten and the dishes were washed, Aunt Melissa meantime keeping a strict watch from the window.

"Is it time for Kelup?" she asked, again and again; and finally she confronted the guilty Amanda with the challenge, "Do you think Kelup ain't comin'?"

"I guess not," quavered Amanda, her cheeks scarlet, and her small, pathetic hands trembling.

"Do you s'pose there's any on 'em sick down to young Nat's?" asked Aunt Melissa; and Amanda was obliged to take recourse again to her shielding, "I guess not." But at length Uncle Hiram drove up in the comfortable carry-all; and though his determined spouse detained him more than three-quarters of an hour, sitting beside him like a portly Rhadamanthus, and scanning the horizon for the Caleb who never came, he finally rebelled, shook the reins, and drove off, Aunt Melissa meantime screaming over her shoulder certain vigorous declarations, which evidently began with the phrase, "You tell Kelup——"

Then Amanda went into the house, and sat down by the window in the gathering dusk, surveying the wreckage of her dream. The

"AMANDA SAT DOWN ON THE EDGE OF THE WHEELBARROW"

EDITOR'S NOTE—This story is taken from Meadow Grass, by Alice Brown, a collection of delightful short stories of New England life. Published and printed by Copeland & Day, Boston.

dream was even more precious in that it had grown so old. Caleb was a part of her every-day life, and for fifteen years Saturday had brought a little festival, wherein the commonplace man with brown eyes had been high priest. He would not come to-night. Perhaps he never would come again.

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Sunday passed; and though Caleb fed the pigs and did the barn-work as usual, he spoke but briefly. Even in his customary salutation of "How-dee?" Amanda detected a change of tone, and thereafter took flight whenever she heard his step at the kitchen door. So Monday forenoon passed; Caleb brought water for her tubs and put out her clothes-line, but they had hardly spoken. The intangible monster of a misunderstanding had crept between them. But when at noon he asked as usual, though without looking at her, "Goin' to Sudleigh with the butter to-day?" Amanda had reached the limit of her endurance. It seemed to her that she could no longer bear this formal travesty of their old relations, and she said quickly:

"No, I guess not."

"Then you don't want I should set with your mother?"

"No!" And again Caleb turned away, and plodded soberly off to young Nat's.

"I guess I must be crazy," groaned poor Amanda, as she changed her washing-dress for her brown cashmere. "The butter's got to go, an' now I shall have to harness, an' leave ma'am alone. Oh, I wish Aunt Melissa'd never darkened these doors!"

Everything went wrong with Amanda that day. The old horse objected to the bit, and occupied twenty minutes in exasperating protest; the wheels had to be greased, and she lost a butter-napkin in the well. Finally, breathless with exertion, she went in to bid her mother good-by, and see that the matches were hidden and the cellar door fastened.

"Now, ma'am," she said, standing over the little old woman and speaking with great distinctness, "don't you touch the stove, will you? You jest set right here in your chair till I come back, an' I'll bring you a good parcel o' pep'mints. Here's your garter to knit on, an' here's the almanac. Don't you stir now till I come."

And so, with many misgivings, she drove away.

When Amanda came back, she did not stay to unharness, but hurried up to the kitchen door and called, "You all right, ma'am?"

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There was no answer, and she stepped hastily across the floor. As she opened the sitting-room door, a low moaning struck her ear. The old lady sat huddled together in her chair, groaning at intervals, and looking fixedly at the corner of the room.

"Oh, ma'am, what is it? Where be you hurt?" cried Amanda, possessed by an anguish of self-reproach. But the old lady only continued her moaning; and then it was that Amanda noticed her shriveled and shaking fingers tightly clasped upon a roll of money in her lap.

"Why, ma'am, what you got?" she cried; but even as she spoke, the explanation flashed upon her, and she looked up at the corner of the room. The eight-day clock was gone. It was nowhere in the room.

"Here, ma'am, you let me have it," she said soothingly; and by dint of further coaxing she pulled the money from the old lady's tense fingers. There were nine dollars in crisp new bills. Amanda sat looking at them in unbelief and misery.

"Oh, my!" she whispered, at length, "what a world this is! Ma'am, did you tell him he might have 'em?"

"I dunno what Jonathan'll do without that clock," moaned the old lady. "I see it carried off myself."

"Did you tell him he might?" cried Amanda loudly.

"I dunno but I did, but I never'd ha' thought he'd ha' done it. I dunno what time 'tis now;" and she continued her lamenting.

"Oh, my Lord!" uttered Amanda, under her breath. Then she roused herself to the present exigency of comfort. "You come an' set in the kitchen a spell," she said coaxingly, while she helped her mother to rise, "an' I'll go an' get the things back."

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Old Lady Green looked at her with that unquestioning trust which was the most pathetic accompaniment of her state. "You'll git 'em back, 'Mandy, won't ye?" she repeated, smiling a little and wiping her eyes. "That's a good gal! So't we can tell what time 'tis."

Amanda led her into the kitchen, and established her by the window. She shut the door of the denuded sitting-room, and, giving her courage no time to cool, ran across lots to the Blaisdells', the hated money clasped tightly in her hand. The family were at supper, and the stranger with them, when she walked in at the kitchen door. She hurried up to her enemy, and laid the little roll of bills by his plate. Her cheeks were scarlet.

"Here's your money," she said, in a strained, high voice, "an' I want our things. You hadn't ought to gone over there an' talked over an old lady that—that—"

There she stopped. Amanda had never yet acknowledged that her mother was not in her "perfect mind." Chapman took out a long pocket-book, and for a moment her courage stood at flood-tide; she thought he was about to accept the money and put it away. But no! He produced a slip of white paper and held it up before her. She bent forward and examined it—a receipt signed by her mother's shaking hand.

"But it ain't right!" she cried, helpless in her dismay. "Cap'n Jabez, you speak to him! You know how 'tis about mother! She wouldn't any more ha' sold that clock than she'd ha' sold—me!"

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Captain Jabez looked at his plate in uncomfortable silence. He was a just man, but he hated to interfere.

"Well, there!" he said, at length, pushing his chair back to leave the table. "It don't seem jestly right to me, but then he's got the resate, an' your mother signed it."

"An' you won't do anything?" cried Amanda, passionately, turning back to the stranger. "You mean to keep them?"

He was honestly sorry for her, as the business man for the sentimentalist, but he had made a good bargain, and he held it sacred.

"I declare, I wish it hadn't happened so," he said, good-naturedly. "But the old lady'll get over it. You buy her a nice bright little nickel clock that'll strike the half-hours, and she'll be tickled to death to watch it."

"THE FAMILY WERE AT SUPPER, AND THE STRANGER WITH THEM"

Amanda turned and walked away.

"Here," called Chapman, "come back and get your money!" But she hurried on. "Well, I'll leave it with Captain Jabez," he called again, "and you can come over and get it. I'm going in the morning, early."

Amanda was passing the barn, and there, through the open door, she saw the old clock pathetically loaded on the light wagon, protected by burlap, and tied with ropes. The coverlets lay beside it. A sob rose in her throat, but her eyes were dry, and she hurried across lots home. At the back door she found Caleb unharnessing the horse. She had forgotten their misunderstanding in the present practical emergency.

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"Oh, Caleb," she began, before she had reached him, "ma'am's sold the clock an' some coverlids, an' I can't get 'em back!"

"Cap'n Jabez said she had, this arternoon," said Caleb, slowly, tying a trace. "I dunno's the old lady's to blame. Seem's if she hadn't ought to be left alone."

"But how 'm I goin' to get 'em back?" persisted Amanda, coming close to him, her poor little face pinched and eager. "He jest showed me the receipt, all signed. How'm I goin' to get the things, Caleb?"

"If he's got the receipt, an' the things an' all, an' she took the money, I dunno's you can get 'em," said Caleb, "unless you could prove in a court o' law that she wa'n't in her right mind. I dunno how that would work."

Amanda stood looking him in the face. For the first time in all her gentle life she was questioning masculine superiority, and its present embodiment in Caleb Rivers.

"Then you don't see's anything can be done?" she asked, steadily.

"Why, no," answered Caleb, still reflecting. "Not unless you go to law."

"You'd better give the pigs some shorts," said Amanda, abruptly. "I sha'n't bile any taters to-night, so don't wait for 'em."

She walked into the house; and as Caleb watched her, it crossed his mind that she looked very tall. He had always thought of her as a little body.

Amanda set her lips, and went about her work. From time to time, she smiled mechanically at her mother; and the old lady, forgetful of her grief now that she was no longer reproached by the empty space on the wall, sat content and sleepy after her emotion. She was willing to go to bed early; and when Amanda heard her breathing peacefully, she sat down by the kitchen window to wait. The dusk came slowly, and the whippoorwill sang from the deep woods behind the house.

That night at ten o'clock, Caleb Rivers was walking stolidly along the country road, when his ear became aware of a strangely familiar sound—a steadily recurrent creak. It was advancing, though intermittently. Sometimes it ceased altogether, as if the machinery stopped to rest, and again it began fast and shrill. He rounded a bend of the road, and came full upon a remarkable vision. Approaching him was a wheelbarrow, with a long object balanced across it, and, wheeling it, walked a woman. Caleb was nearly opposite her before his brain fully translated the strange scene. Then he stopped short and opened his lips.

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"'Mandy," he cried, "what under the heavens be you a-doin'?"

But Amanda did not pause. Whatever emotion the meeting caused in her was swiftly vanquished, and she wheeled on. Caleb turned and walked by her side. When he had recovered sufficiently from his surprise, he laid a hand firmly upon her wrist.

"You set it down, an' let me wheel a spell," he said persuasively.

But Amanda's small hands only grasped the handles more tightly, and she went on. Caleb had never in his life seen a necessity for passionate remonstrance, but now the moment had come.

"'Mandy," he kept repeating, at every step, "you give me holt o' them handles! Why, 'Mandy, I should think you was crazy!"

At length, Amanda dropped the handles with a jerk, and turning about, sat down on the edge of the wheelbarrow, evidently to keep the right of possession. Then she began to speak in a high, strained voice:

"If you've got to know, I'll tell you, an' you can be a witness, if you want to. It won't do no hurt in a court o' law, because I shall tell myself. I've gone an' got our clock an' our coverlids from where they were stored in the Blaisdells' barn. The man's got his money, an' I've took our things. That's all I've done, an' anybody can know it that's a mind to. I don't care!"

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Then she rose, lifted the handles, and went on, panting. Caleb walked by her side.

"But you ain't afraid o' me, 'Mandy?" he said, imploringly. "Jest you let me wheel it, an' I won't say a word if I never set eyes on you ag'in. Jest you let me wheel."

"There ain't anybody goin' to touch a finger to it but me," said Amanda, shortly. "If anybody's got to be sent to jail for it, it'll be me. I can't talk no more. I ain't got any breath to spare."

But the silence of years had been broken, and Caleb persistently kept on.

"Why, I was goin' over to Blaisdell's myself to buy 'em back. Here's my wallet an' my bank-book. Don't that prove it? I was goin' to pay any price he asked. I set an' mulled over it all the evenin'. It got late, an' then I started. It al'ays has took me a good long spell to make up my mind to things. I wa'n't to blame this arternoon because I couldn't tell what was best to do all of a whew!"

At the beginning of this revelation, Amanda's shoulders twitched eloquently, but she said nothing. She reached the gate of the farmyard, and wheeled in, panting painfully as she ascended the rise of the grassy driveway. She toiled round to the back door; and then Caleb saw that she had prepared for her return by leaving the doors of the cellar-case open, and laying down a board over the steps. She turned the wheelbarrow to descend; and Caleb, seeing his opportunity, ran before to hold back its weight. Amanda did not prevent him; she had no breath left for remonstrance. When the clock was safely in the cellar, she went up the steps again, hooked the bulkhead door, and turned, even in the darkness, unerringly to the flight of stairs leading to the kitchen.

"You wait till I open the door into the kitchen," she said. "There's a light up there, and you can rest a while."

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And Caleb plodded up the stairs after her with his head down, amazed and sorrowful.

"You can stay here," said Amanda, opening the outside door without looking at him. "I'm goin' back to Cap'n Blaisdell's."

She hurried out into the moonlit path across lots, and Caleb followed. They entered the yard, and Amanda walked up to the window belonging to the best bedroom. It was wide open, and she rapped on it loudly, and then turned her back.

"Hello!" came a sleepy voice from within.

"I've got to speak to you," called Amanda. "Be you awake?"

"I guess so," said the voice, this time nearer to the window. "What's up?"

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"I've been over an' got our clock an' the rest of our things," said Amanda, steadily. "An you've got your money. I've carried the things home an' fastened 'em up. They're down cellar under the arch, an' I'm goin' to set over 'em till I drop afore anybody lays a finger on 'em again. An' you can go to law if you want to."

There was a silence. Amanda felt that the stranger's eyes were upon her back, and she tried not to tremble.

"Well, now, you know you've as good as stole my property," began Chapman; but at that instant, Caleb's voice broke roughly upon the still night air.

"You say that ag'in," said he, "an' I'll horsewhip you within an inch of your life. You touch them things ag'in an' I'll break every bone in your body. I dunno whose they be, but, by gum!——"

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There was again a silence, and the stranger spoke: "Well, well!" he said, good-naturedly. "I guess we'll have to call it square. Good luck to you!"

Amanda's heart melted. "You're real good!" she cried, and turned impulsively; but when she faced the white-shirted form at the window, she ejaculated, "Oh, my!" and fled precipitately from the house.

Side by side, the two took their way across lots again. Amanda was shaking all over, with weariness and emotion spent. Suddenly a strange sound at her side startled her.

"Why, Caleb Rivers!" she exclaimed, in amazement, "you ain't cryin'?"

"I dunno what I'm doin'," said Caleb, "an I don't much care, neither. It ain't your harnessin' for yourself an' feedin' the pigs, an' my not comin' Saturday night, but its' seein' you wheelin' that great thing all alone. An' you're so little, 'Mandy! I never thought much o' myself, an' it al'ays seemed kind o' queer you could think anything of me; but I al'ays s'posed you'd let me do the heft o' the work, an' not cast me off!"

"I 'ain't cast you off, Caleb," said Amanda, faintly. And at that instant, for the first time in all their lives, Caleb's arms were upholding her, and Amanda had received her crown. Caleb had kissed her.

"Say, 'Mandy," said he, when they parted, an hour later by the syringa bush at the back door, "the world won't come to an end if you don't iron of a Tuesday. I was thinking we could ketch Parson True about ten o'clock better'n we could in the arternoon."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
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Philadelphia, August 20, 1898

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Doing Our Best at All Times

MARK TWAIN has a horror of the idea of growing old. With him, however, it will not weaken his energy or stifle his ambition. One of the most weakening elements in the individual make-up is the surrender to the coming on of years. Man's self-confidence dims and dies in the fear of age. "This new thought is good; it is what we need. I am glad to have it for my children; I would have been happy to have had some such help when I was at school, but it is too late for me. I am a man advanced in years."

This is but blind closing of life to wondrous possibilities. The knell of lost opportunity is never tolled in this life. It is never too late to recognize truth and live by it. It requires but more effort, closer attention; but the impossible does not exist for a man who has confidence in himself and is willing to pay the price in time and effort for his success. The assessments are heavier in progress, as in life insurance, later in life, but that matters not to that mighty self-confidence that will not grow old while knowledge can keep it young.

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Socrates, when his hair whitened with the snow of age, learned to play on instruments of music. Cato, at fourscore, began his study of Greek, and the same age saw Plutarch beginning, with the enthusiasm of a boy, his first lessons in Latin. The Character of Man, Theophrastus' magnum opus, was begun on his ninetieth birthday. Chaucer's Canterbury Tales was the work of the poet's declining years. Rousard, the father of French poetry, whose sonnets even translation cannot destroy, did not develop his poetic faculty until nearly fifty. Benjamin Franklin at this age had just taken his really first steps of importance in philosophic pursuits. Arnauld, the theologian and sage, translated Josephus in his eightieth year. Winckelmann, one of the most famous writers on classic antiquities, was the son of a shoemaker, and lived in obscurity and ignorance until the prime of life. Hobbes, the English philosopher, published his version of the Odyssey in his eighty-seventh year, and his Iliad one year later. Chevreul, the great French scientist, whose untiring labors in the realm of color have so enriched the world, was busy, keen and active when death called him, some ten years ago, at the age of 103.

These men did not fear age; these few names from the great muster-roll of the famous ones who defied the years, should be voices of hope and heartening to every individual whose courage and confidence is weak. The path of truth, higher living, truer development in every phase of life, is never shut from the individual until he closes it himself. Let man feel this, believe it and make this faith a real and living action in his life, and there are no limits to his progress. The constant looking backward to what might have been instead of forward to what may be, is a great weakener of self-confidence. This worry for the old past, this wasted energy, for no power in the world can restore, ever lessens the individual's faith in himself, weakens his efforts to develop himself for the future to the perfection of his possibilities.

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Nature, in her beautiful love and tenderness, says to him: "Do in the best way you can the trifle that is under your hand at this moment; do it in the best spirit of preparation for the future your thought suggests; bring all the light of knowledge from all the past to aid you. Do this and you have done your best. The past is forever closed to you. It is closed forever to you. No worry, no struggle, no suffering, no agony of despair can alter it. It is as much beyond your power as if it were a million years of eternity behind you. Turn all that past, with its sad hours, weakness and sin, its wasted opportunities as light; in confidence and hope, upon the future. Turn it all in fuller truth and light so as to make each trifle of this present a new past it will be joy to look back to; each trifle a grander, nobler, and more perfect preparation for the future. The present, and the future you can make from it, is yours; the past has gone back, with all its messages, all its history, all its records to the God who loaned you the golden moments to use in obedience to His law.

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Two Views of Contemporary Celebrities

THE past few months have been marked by great successes, great failures. When Cervera's ships slipped from Santiago harbor, freighted with the hopes of a nation, the Spanish Admiral was in the zenith of his possibilities. A short time before, the world watched him with every nerve stretched; American ships scoured the seas in search of his elusive fleet. Then they did not know where his fleet was; now they do. As his vessels steamed out boldly, Cervera was basking in the bright light of prospective success. But the shot-riddled, blackened hulks which now line the shore tell a sadly different tale. Shattered are the dreams of brilliant success, and the Admiral on whom the Spanish people would have heaped honors lives in the shadow of the scorn of his countrymen, the reprimand of his superiors.

Joseph Leiter was a great financier until his recent failure; now he is only a speculator. Before, men boasted that here was a man who could make thousands of dollars an hour; now, when his glory is a memory and his failure a reality, they barely give the unfortunate man passing notice.

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The world has no time for failure; it deals only with success. It worships money, power, fame; not for themselves, but because they are tangible tokens, visible signs of success. How it was attained the world asks not; it is too busy to deal with details, it cannot stop to count the failures—braver, more heroic and noble than any success. Men dread to consider their individual failures except when they can be viewed through the rosy haze of distance, when they throw an additional halo round later success. The man who utterly fails obliterates himself, and the world hurries on with merely a passing glance. Only one monumental failure has the world refused to forget. The battle of Waterloo was a great failure for Napoleon, but it was also a great success for his opponent, whom Napoleon never saw. Wellington's achievement is overlooked, and Waterloo has come to be a synonym for failure. Forgotten are Jena, Marengo, Austerlitz. The brilliant marches, the hard campaigns, the masterful strategy—all rest under the cloud of that disastrous failure.

The world is a harsh critic, an unsparing judge. It cares nothing for struggles; it looks only for results. No matter how brave the fight against overwhelming circumstances, no matter how nearly success has been achieved, no matter if the man did the very best he could, it will have nothing to do with failure. It behooves a man, then, should he desire to win public attention, not to belittle his own achievements, not to expect sympathy in his failures, but to surround himself with the legitimate appearances of success, to live in the atmosphere of success, to exhale the aroma of success.

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Realizing Our Ideals in Life

THE great distance between man's present condition and his ideal is often a disturber of his confidence in the worth of making any effort. But there can be no wider difference between any real and any ideal in life than between the tiny acorn and the mighty oak, towering in the forest. The familiarity of the transition from the one to the other may hide from us the beauty and tenderness of Nature, in her revealing of possibilities. The language of progress from one to the other has been but constant growth in perfect harmony with the aim of the acorn. Man's growth in any line toward any ideal is precisely analogued in this; and as it is impossible to tell when the acorn ceases to be acorn and becomes oak, so it is impossible to say when man realizes his ideal and projects that realized ideal before him as a new real to be idealized and realized.

Man can not place before himself models too perfect for his copying. The child, in learning to write, copies from the most perfect engraved plates that the ingenuity of man can command. The closer it keeps to that copy the better will be its work, and, having the general lines well in mind, its individuality will assert itself to modify its interpretation and imitation of the plate.

Man can not place his ideals too high so long as the consciousness of the distance does not weaken his confidence. The mariner guides his ship by his compass, and his compass represents the harmony of obedience to the polar star, toward which it points. The highest ideal of Christianity is Christ, the founder and rock of the religion. Christ is the perfect, the ideal. Every suffering for the right that good may come makes man a miniature Christ; every suffering for love of man and sorrow at his sin is a miniature Gethsemane, and every surrender of evil, standing bravely by what is true and just, no matter what the cost, is but a miniature crucifixion. No ideal can be too high, but man must make his efforts to attain that ideal proportionate to its greatness. Men must be satisfied to grow slowly—a little day by day, so long as he grows surely.

And, as for the end, it matters not, walk steadily in the way of right; follow step by step in obedience, and the end is beyond your placing, your concern. Men like to have a guaranteed policy on living, with the end all clearly elaborated in advance; they have little patience with this living. They may pray for their daily bread, but they would greatly prefer to see it all stored for years to come. They like to have large visions of assured futurity; they want to know all their strength and powers at once, all made solid and certain, as Gibraltar is ever prepared for a seventeen years' siege.

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Using the Tax as an Excuse

WHEN it became evident that the expenses of our war with Spain would have to be met by imposing a tax on certain articles, no one doubted that the burden of taxation would eventually be laid upon the consumers. They did not remonstrate; they were willing to show their patriotism by bearing without complaint the slight additional expense in order to help the Government prosecute the war. But some men in their mad race for wealth never neglect an opportunity to fleece the public. These men, for obvious reasons, welcomed the tax. It would furnish them an unanswerable excuse for increased prices; they could thus mask greed under patriotism.

No sooner was this opportunity seen than it was grasped. Unscrupulous men everywhere raised their prices, and smilingly informed any customer who might rebel that the war tax had raised prices everywhere. A typical instance which recently came to light should be investigated and properly dealt with. A proprietary article which regularly sells at $1.50 required a 2½-cent stamp, but the price was not raised to $1.53, but to $1.60! The consumer paid 2½ cents to the Government and 7½ cents into the pocket of the individual; 2½ cents toward feeding and clothing our soldiers, 7½ cents toward dining and wining the manufacturer; 2½ cents toward relieving the fever-stricken soldiers in Cuba, 7½ cents toward increasing the manufacturer's liability to gout. Three times as much for the mean, grasping, gain-blinded individual as for the Government!

But this is by no means an isolated case. Many dealers and manufacturers have thus robbed the public under the plea of patriotic support of the Government. Shoulders willing to bear the war tax were piled mountain-high with the arbitrary manufacturer's tax. When self-respecting men can stoop to such low means of flattening the individual pocketbook, they are little removed from the man who waylays and robs an unsuspecting fellow-being. They are in reality respectable highwaymen.

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Hobbies in Our High-Pressure Civilization

WHEN a nation as a nation suffers to such an extent from a surplus of nerves that the peculiarity amounts to a disease, then it is time for that nation to pause and think. For a decade or more appalling statistics have forced the people of the United States to the realization that they are as much below par physically as they are superior mentally to most civilized races. And why? The diagnosis of medical men is "too close concentration." Without doubt the man who spends his days and half his nights in the accumulation of wealth must sooner or later pay with interest his debt to a shamefully neglected and overtaxed organism.

When a broken-down, nervous wreck, who was once a successful business man, applies for medical aid the case is difficult. In the days when physicians had to do with livers, stomachs and lungs only, they searched their Materia Medica for a drug whose office was the healing of a particular ill. But what remedy has the profession for nerves? Certainly not a tangible one. The main springs of vitality must be reached by ethical means.

The only cure for too much concentration would seem to be less concentration, and with this axiom as a foundation, modern healers have built up a theory which is more and more put into practice as the years go by. The new restorative is, after all, a simple one. It aims to turn the strained attentions of nervous patients from the struggle for pelf, for position, or whatever else, into healthier, less-harmful channels. The truly enlightened physician of to-day has ceased to dose his charge with drugs to the ruination of his digestion. Instead, he says to the complaining man or woman, "Ride a wheel," "Play golf," "Collect something"—in a word, "Have a hobby and ride it." "Interest that active intellect in a normal, healthy way, and let Nature do the rest for the body." Intensity of pleasurable interest never harms. It benefits. It gives men a keener zest for life, a more complete enjoyment of its blessings.

The hobby as a therapeutic agent has come to stay. It has a definite and honorable place in advanced science. It belongs completely and absolutely to the hour, the time, the century. It is a product of modern progressive thought destined to have a far-reaching and, we trust, wholesome influence on coming generations of the American people.

FAMOUS PEOPLE AND THEIR HOBBIES

PRESIDENT KRUGER'S SKETCHES.—President Kruger delights in studying drawing, and often makes pen-and-ink sketches of buildings and animals. Lately he has essayed to portraiture, and has already filled a large volume with caricatures of his numerous friends and acquaintances. These are drawn either in simple outline or in silhouette, and are said to be frequently of a most unflattering description.

MISS ROTHSCHILD'S LACES.—The finest collection of old lace owned by any one individual belongs to Miss Alice Rothschild. It will bear comparison even with Royal collections, and includes many famous pieces. Miss Rothschild's love for lace is so well known that often when she arrives in a town she is at once waited upon by the lace dealers, and generally rewards them by purchasing the finest specimens shown.

SENATOR DAVIS' NAPOLEON LIBRARY.—"It is more than thirty years," said Senator Davis, of Minnesota, recently, "since I began to make a collection of works relating to Napoleon Bonaparte. During this period I have accumulated about 800 volumes, some of them rare and priceless. My collection was begun before the Napoleonic fad set in, and was started because of the regard I have for the greatest man France has ever known."

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MRS. ASTOR'S SNAKE RING.—Mrs. William Astor has a wonderful snake ring, which literally writhes in constant motion on her finger. It is constructed of flexible gold wire, each scale being represented by a loop of wire, in which a ruby, an emerald, or an amethyst is firmly set. The slightest movement of the fingers sets the wires quivering, and the ring scintillates and seems to go round and round the finger with a serpentine movement that has something very weird about it. It was made in Egypt.

CERAMICS OF THE EMPEROR OF CHINA.—The present Emperor of China is the most highly educated monarch that ever sat on the throne of that country. His fad is ceramics, of which he has a large collection, and he is the author of a learned treatise on color.

A DUCHESS' DOGS' CEMETERY.—One of the most curious sights in England is the cemetery of the Duchess of Newcastle's favorite dogs, at Oatlands Park, Surrey. There are now no fewer than sixty buried there,. and each dog is honored with a separate tombstone and inscription.

THE FURS OF A PRINCESS.—The Princess of Wales possesses fur of the value of $60,000. An expert furrier pays periodical visits to Marlborough House to fully overlook the Princess' collection, as a single moth in it might work hundreds of dollars' worth of damage in a very short time.

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COLLECTING RARE JEWELS.—Among wonderful collections of jewels owned by English women, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts' unique set of sapphires is celebrated; the Marchioness of Bath's necklace of black pearls, estimated as worth $500,000, and the Duchess of Westminster's Nassau diamond, nearly $200,000. The Princess of Wales has a beautiful necklace, which she always wears on state or gala occasions.

THE POPE AND HIS BIRDS.—It may not be generally known that the Pope has a collection of birds of which he is very fond, including some gaudy-colored parrots, while among other pets are pelicans, ostriches and fawns. These receive his frequent attention. He has also a vineyard, so much the object of his special care and attention that he may almost be called its cultivator.

DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE'S SWORDS.—The Duke, who is fond of collecting swords, always wears on state occasions the diamond-hilted weapon which was presented to him by the Shah of Persia. He dislikes donning a military uniform, believing that his stoutness is not so apparent in evening dress.

A QUEEN WHO LOVES HUNTING.—The Queen of Portugal is addicted to masculine pursuits. She is passionately fond of hunting, and has been seen to herself thrust the knife into the throat of a dying stag. Her love for a bull fight is notorious.

SARA BERNHARDT'S LOVE OF POTTERY.—The "divine Sara" has a new hobby. It is pottery, and she describes her handiwork, from the fashioning of the clay to the heating of the oven, with the enthusiastic delight of a girl. Sculpture is the one thing of which she has made a serious study, and yet her pictures have often been hung in the Salon. She believes in the efficacy of hobbies.

THE LIFE-WORK OF BISMARCK

Characteristics of the German Statesman

JUDGING by the magnitude and permanence of the work he accomplished, Prince Bismarck was the most successful statesman of the century. Born when Napoleon's Imperial eagles were about to fall and the Man of Destiny was to meet his overthrow at Waterloo, Bismarck was destined to be the next great figure in history.

During his early years he displayed not the faintest promise of greatness. He was a roisterer of the most turbulent description. While at the University he rarely ever heard a lecture, and delighted in riding and hunting. He was always ready for a fight, and, when none was at hand, provoked one. He trod on his fellow students' toes, cuffed their dogs, and generally insulted them. In twenty-eight student duels he was wounded only once. That was because he broke his opponent's sword, and a piece of the steel entered Bismarck's face.

On April 1, 1847, Bismarck was thirty-two years of age, and had not yet done anything to win immortality. At that time Prussia was in a sad plight. For years Frederick William IV had brought Prussia from defeat to defeat. Her people were discouraged, her statesmen humbled, her enemies overbearing. Still Bismarck did not, apparently, take much interest in public affairs.

But his marriage was the turning-point in his life. In July, 1847, he married Johanna von Puttkamer. Her parents objected to her union with such a wild young fellow, of no apparent future, but Bismarck went before the family circle, folded the girl in his arms, and, with his eyes on Herr von Puttkamer, sternly spoke the words:

"What God has brought together let no man put asunder." To the end he loved this wife with such earnestness, unselfish devotion and absolute fidelity as have few parallels in the lives of great men.

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A few months before his marriage he became interested in politics, and later became conspicuous in the Prussian Parliament. There he began his forceful, masterful championship of the "divine right" of the King to do as he pleased. His strong defense of the Royal prerogative attracted the attention of the King, and in 1851 Bismarck represented Prussia at the Diet of Frankfort.

At that time Austria was playing the insolent bully over Prussia, snubbing her King, and thwarting her statesmen. The subordination of Prussia was Austria's fixed policy. When Bismarck appeared as Prussia's envoy at Frankfort, he saw that force, determination and courage were necessary. As his horizon gradually widened, he began to form vast plans for Prussia and Germany, and to shape his course accordingly. Nothing was too trivial for the purpose.

The Austrian Count who presided over the Congress had assumed the privilege of smoking in the sittings. He smoked alone. Nobody else ventured a puff in his presence. "Prussia needs a smoke as much as Austria," said Bismarck, and, cigar in hand, he walked up to the Count with a request for a light.

For nearly eight years Bismarck labored in Frankfort to win recognition for Prussia, and he finally decided that the problem could be solved only by fire and sword. In 1862 he returned to Berlin and made the Monarch tear up the abdication which he had already signed, and Bismarck became the King's Prime Minister. Parliament had refused the money for reorganizing the Army, but Bismarck began the fight with that body single-handed. His ambition was to make a greater Prussia and a united Germany, and he bent all the strength of his statesmanship to that task.

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He warned Parliament that he would brook no opposition. "It is not by speeches and resolutions of majorities that the great questions of the time are to be decided," he explained, "but by blood and iron."

Now Bismarck's real life-work began, and he proceeded to make history at a rate which terrified the nations. War arose with Denmark over Schleswig-Holstein. In three months Denmark was shorn of that possession. Cause for war arose between Prussia and Austria, and a campaign followed which lasted only seven weeks. But it ended with the crushing defeat of the Austrians at Sadowa.

As a result of this war, fought by Bismarck without a particle of financial support from the Prussian Parliament, he added to Prussia Hanover, Hesse-Cassel, Nassau, Frankfort, Schleswig-Holstein, and sections of Hesse Darmstadt and Bavaria.

Prussia's area was increased from 108,000 square miles to 135,000 square miles, and her population swelled by one-half. It excluded Austria from Germany, and placed Prussia at the head of the North German confederation. Bismarck now saw the first part of his ambition realized; Prussia was free from Austria.

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But he still aimed to unite North and South Germany, although he did not at first know how that end could be brought about. France solved the problem, and cemented, by her jealousy, one of the strongest Empires in Europe. France felt that her honor demanded that Prussia be taught a lesson, and the humiliation of Prussia had long been a part of French policy.

"We must fight you," said Marshal Vaillant to Bismarck, in 1867.

"Very well; but why?" asked Bismarck.

PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE PAINTING BY LENBACH, IN THE COLLECTION OF FRANCIS L. LOUNS, BY WHOM IT WAS LOANED TO THE POST

PRINCE OTTO EDOUARD LEOPOLD VON BISMARCK

"Because France and Prussia are two fighting-cocks. One cannot bear to hear the other crow more loudly than himself. At Koeniggratz you crowed more loudly than we."

The clash of arms was inevitable, and the years 1870-71 saw Germany firmly fixed as one of the great Powers of the world. Throughout that contest Bismarck played the stateman's part, and showed to a marked degree the rugged strength, the indomitable will characteristic of the man. On January 18, 1871, the German Empire was proclaimed; on May 10 the treaty of Frankfort was signed; on June 16 the German troops made their triumphal entry into Berlin. Fire and sword had done their work. Bismarck's hopes were realized.

He was made Chancellor of the new Empire, as he had been of the smaller one, and his one effort was to save all that had been gained on the battlefield. He fostered friendly relations with Russia, and bound Austria and Italy to Germany by the Triple Alliance. His object once accomplished by war, he was the keenest advocate of peace. "We are satisfied," was the substance of his repeated declarations. "We wish only to be united; we wish only to be left so."

But in domestic affairs he was not so successful. In his efforts to solidify the Empire he knew the bitterness of defeat as often as the sweetness of triumph.

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The death of Emperor William was a severe blow to Bismarck. His devotion to his ruler was most touching, and his feudal loyalty to his Sovereign was most sincere.

In 1890 Bismarck fell. The present Emperor was determined to assume all the powers which his illustrious grandfather had relinquished to his Chancellor, while Bismarck was unwilling to part with them. Various causes have been assigned for the disagreement.

Bismarck was on the best of terms with the family of the present Emperor while he was still Crown Prince of Germany. The little Princes were his favorites, and he visited them frequently, and never failed, on such occasions, to bring them presents. The Princes naturally grew very fond of him, and were never tired of seeing their "Uncle Bismarck," as they called him. When the present Crown Prince was six years old, the Chancellor brought him as a birthday gift a barrel-organ. Delighted beyond measure, the child began to play, but his little arm soon grew tired, and turning to "Uncle Bismarck" he begged him to take his place at the handle. The old statesman complied, and the little Princes joined hands and danced gayly to the music. At that moment their father entered and said to the musician:

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"So you are already teaching your future Emperor to dance to your music?"

"You must admit that he is making wonderful progress," was the cool reply.

No more was said on the subject; but it is common gossip that Crown Prince William there and then vowed that when he became Emperor the Hohenzollerns would no longer dance to the sound of Bismarck's music.

The break came about in this way: Bismarck had conferred with a party leader without consulting the young Emperor. The young Emperor forbade such conferences unless they were sanctioned by himself. The interview took place in Bismarck's rooms at the Chancellery. He told the Emperor he would receive in his own house whom he pleased.

"And even if I, as your Sovereign, forbid it?" asked the Emperor hotly.

"I will," was the reply. "Your Majesty's commands have no force for me this side of my wife's threshold."

That reply sealed his doom. The Emperor ordered him to go. The man who brought the order told Bismarck the Emperor would make him Duke of Lauenburg. Bismarck declined the tinsel honor. "But His Majesty herewith offers you the income with which to support the rank becomingly," protested the Emperor's representative.

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"A man with such a career as mine," replied Bismarck proudly, "is hardly likely to close it by running after a tip."

In his private life the man of "blood and iron" was strangely affectionate and simple. He slept until ten in the morning. After a rather light breakfast he would take a long walk through his estate, and after lunch would bury himself in his library until four; then he would drive for several hours.

Dinner, a dress affair, was served at 7, followed by drawing-room conversation and recreation. Bismarck was fond of music, Beethoven being his favorite composer and his wife his favorite performer.

In naming the members of his household he never omitted his two Danish hounds, that were his constant companions.

His love for his wife and children was very great. Of his wife Bismarck said: "She it is who has made me what I am." He gave constant evidence of a delicate tenderness for his family.

One pretty and characteristic instance of this feeling is told in connection with the attempt which was made upon his life on the street known as the Unter den Linden, in Berlin, in 1866, by Julius Blind. The first shot was fired at him from behind, and the others while the would-be assassin was struggling in Bismarck's strong grasp.

Bismarck felt himself hurt in his shoulder and in one of his ribs; but he held on to his assailant until some soldiers came up and then walked briskly home. Reaching the house, he found his wife entertaining some friends in the drawing-room. First speaking kindly to them, he excused himself for a moment. He went to his study, and wrote a note to the King, informing him of the accident.

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Joining his wife and friends in the dining-room, he partook heartily of the meal, and after it was over he walked up to his wife, kissed her on the forehead, and said, in the old German phrase:

"May your meal be blessed," and then added. "You see I am quite well."

His wife looked up at him in surprise.

"Well," he continued, "you must not be anxious, my child. Somebody has fired at me, but it is nothing, as you see."

The close of Bismarck's life was one long procession of honors from the German nation. Kaiser Wilhelm became reconciled to the veteran Empire moulder, and the common people gave constant evidence of their affection and esteem. When he died, at the age of eighty-three, he was honored and respected by the entire civilized world.

Bismarck was a great statesman, a great strategist, and a loyal subject. He accomplished his objects by the force of his personality, by the rugged strength of his character, and by the irresistible force of his will.

THE COAT OF ARMS OF THE BISMARCK FAMILY

The Safeguard of Manhood

By REV. JAMES G. K. McCLURE, D. D.

The Post's Series of Practical Sermons—Number Ten

IN HER gymnasium Yale has a trophy-room. Many a graduate feels his blood stirred as he enters it. The emblems of contest, flag and cup, oar and all, arouse the memory. Scenes of the past become vivid—the surging crowd, the excited faces, the shouts of victory. Other days are lived over again, and there is joy and inspiration in recalling them.

The setting up of trophies is a custom as old as history; all ancient peoples did it. The Greeks put shields and helmets on a tree of the battle-ground if it were a land victory, and beaks of conquered vessels on the nearest coast if it were a sea victory. The Romans did differently. They carried their trophies to some prominent spot in Rome itself. Still differently did the Egyptians and the Israelites, who deposited their trophies in their temples.

Youth-time trophies! It is Southey who says: "Live as long as you may, the first twenty years form the greater part of your life. They appear so when they are passing; they seem to have been so when we look back to them; and they take up more room in our memory than all the years which succeed them." Victories won then mean more than victories won later. Never is a man so conscious of the sweets of triumph and so elated by the joys of success as in his earlier years. The shout that greeted David when he conquered Goliath sank deeper into his heart and memory than any shout he ever heard afterward. To succeed in the contests of youth, whatever their sphere, social, literary, political, athletic, is to have an experience of pleasure that is scarcely surpassed in all one's life.

Besides, youth is like the Nile's springtime, when the fullness of the river gives opportunity to store away for the coming drought. In youth virtues and experiences can be laid up for the crises of life. Only as hope and courage are accumulated then are they in reserve force for sudden difficulty and trial. The soldier who in camp does not learn to handle his rifle will be helpless in the confusion of battle. Insurance cannot be obtained when flames are bursting out of the house. He who does not strive for victories in youth stands small show of victories in manhood. For time is a current bearing the yesterdays into to-days and the to-days into to-morrows. The present is the future, carrying it in itself as the seed carries the flower. A to-morrow unconnected with to-day is unthinkable. The flower that is to be must have somewhere a seed that now is. Youth is the seed of manhood, and what we lay up, or fail to lay up, in youth determines what we shall have, or shall fail to have, when we reach the period of manhood.

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What, then, are these trophies to be won in youth for manhood's safeguard? Physical strength is one. Without it no mature man can do his best work. Youth, with its warm blood, vigorous vitality, strong appetite, restful sleep, may be a very magazine of power. The wear and tear of physical strain have not come yet. While they tarry, a young man may fortify himself for them by accumulations of health which later will be a storehouse of resource.

Such being the case, it is no slight matter to hurt one's physical vigor, either by neglect or abuse. Many men have broken down within five years of leaving college, and become impaired, if not useless, because they did not treasure their health while there. Scores have fallen by the wayside later because of the recklessness with which they spent their buoyant energy. Sickness and death are indeed inevitable to every one, but there is no necessity for soliciting their approach. Death walks as near the young man's back as the old man's face, but why urge him to overtake us? That law of God that makes physical decay the penalty of physical wrong is unbreakable. Dissipation of vital energy inevitably ends in physical deterioration. A young man cannot let any bodily passion run away with him and expect to be safe, any more than a child, letting a spirited horse take the bit in his teeth to run as he will, can expect to escape peril. A man's body is God's temple, and God never allows sacrilege to his temple to go unchallenged and uncondemned. But if with earnest desire to conserve its sacredness a man stores away all possible physical vigor, he will find, in after-years, as David found with Goliath's sword, that the purity and self-control of his youth stand him in good stead in the hours of exposure.

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Intellectual discipline is another trophy to be won in youth. Let the distinction between discipline and knowledge be kept clear. What an educated youth needs is capability to apply his mind—investigating, comparing, combining, drawing deductions—and then to put the full force of that mind into the work undertaken. Better than universal knowledge is power to use limited knowledge. Too much knowledge there cannot be, but knowledge without the ability to use it is an impediment, not a help. He who fails in youth to learn how to ponder facts and arrange them is at a great disadvantage when caught in the hurry and competition of after-years. Neither merchants nor engineers, generals nor scholars, can do their work successfully with minds undisciplined. As much solid, penetrating thought may be required in railroading as in teaching, in banking as in editing. The success of a college youth in the industry to which he gives himself will depend largely on his power to think. If he acquires that, then he may go whithersoever Providence calls him and he need not be afraid to attempt his work. The man who can use aright two facts will always be stronger than the man who has a hundred facts, but who cannot use them.

And now for moral trophies. One such is habits. In youth we form them, and then in age they form us. At first they are our method of life, and at last they are our life itself. Once they involved conscious effort, later they seem automatic. Care entered into the first writing of our signature, but now we write that signature almost as unconcernedly as a machine prints.

Habits of good can thus become the protection of our maturity. They are the chief dependence on which a man must rely for his own right conduct when circumstances call for such speedy action that he cannot stop to analyze the motives that guide him. If temptation to do evil suddenly assails one habituated to the good, the chances are that he will continue on in the habit of the good. For there are hundreds of good things which the human heart may do so regularly and persistently that they become a very potent part of the heart, shaping its opinions, controlling its desires, and deciding its affections.

One such special habit is that of reverence. Reverence is treating worthy things worthily, and the most worthy things the most worthily. The command "not to take the name of the Lord in vain" teaches that God, the best, should be treated as the best. It is an injunction to have good judgment, to estimate persons and things aright, and to act toward the noblest and greatest as though they were the noblest and greatest. Such a habit of discriminating thought and conduct, once acquired, is a ceaseless blessing. It secures a just valuation of all objects to be considered, and it prevents men from looking upon ten as though it were fifty, on the mole-hill as though it were a mountain, on the transient as though it were permanent, on evil as though it were good.

JAMES G. K. McCLURE, D. D.

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Happy the man who early acquires reverence for purity. To consider spotlessness as insignificant is to have the whole judgment demoralized. Impure thought, once become a fixed element of life, will color all vision and lower all ideals; will make untrustworthy all our opinions of society and individuals. But reverence for purity, once become a habit, will so permeate our nature that the low and lewd will have no hold upon our thought, and we shall wonder that any person can spoil his jokes with them or, still worse, soil his own mind with them.

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Happy, too, the man who early acquires reverence for himself. When a young man adopts the habit of regarding every one of his appetites as a divine gift, bestowed for holy purposes, and will not allow them to be diverted to wrong uses, it is an absolute impossibility that he ever became a drunkard or any kind of a profligate. Whatever is hurtful to himself will be esteemed base by him simply because it is hurtful. He will acquire a self-mastery that will give him a victor's sense of power. He will be too high-souled to mind low and dishonorable things. They may throng about him, but they cannot appeal to him.

This matter of reverence; what a safeguard it is when it is reverence for God and for what manifests God! Certainly no one may expect youth to estimate all objects as manhood does. Youth is not asked to be as sedate as age. Its very nature is sprightly. But if youth, whatever its sprightliness, will continually hold itself to a reverential use of God's name, of God's house, of God's worship, of God's Bible, yes, and of every fact that in nature, in the soul, and in history reveals God, youth will have laid up a condition of mind that will be its salvation when doubt contemptuously asks, "What is truth?" For if there is reverence for the real and an earnest purpose to exalt highest the best things of life, youth has a panoply that all the hosts of mental and moral confusion cannot pierce. But if there is no such reverence failure is sure. Once I saw my own class-mate, urged to a stronger, better life, throw himself on a sofa and with tears in his eyes hopelessly answer: "It is no use. I cannot do it. I have yielded to wrong so often that I have no will power left. I cannot resolve to do right." It was a pitiful scene; a charming, popular young man looking for an instant beneath the surface of things, and helplessly declaring himself the slave of a powerless will! And all because throughout his youth he had habitually yielded to the poorer elements of his nature and had allowed an impotent will to become his lasting characteristic.

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But there is one more sphere for youth-time trophies, and that a great one—memories.

All youth is filling itself up with memories, but no youth seems to have such happy opportunities for memories as college youth. Memories! They are almost the largest, if not, in fact, the very largest, part of what a man keeps with him when long years have passed since he was a college youth. Why should those memories ever shame our hearts or injure our power in manhood? What a mistake that youth made who for fifteen minutes, out of mere curiosity, read a debasing book, and then afterward was obliged to say, "That book has haunted me like an evil spectre ever since. I have asked God on my knees to obliterate that book from my mind, but I believe that I shall carry down the damage of those fifteen minutes to my grave!"

Good memories are strength and comfort. Moses, still untried, heard God speak a message of recognition and duty to him from a burning bush. Later, grown to be an old man and burdened with anxieties, Moses recalled that experience at the bush and it revived his faith and cheered his heart. It is in early years that God loves to put his voices into the soul, assuring us of his nearness, calling to us to be earnest, and arousing us to endeavors for our fellows. In more mature years we may be almost dazed by our disappointments, by the complexity and strife of business, by the unkindness and even falseness of our supposed friends. Then the temptation comes to us to question the goodness of God, to question the reality of the soul and the worth of self-denying effort. In such an hour what a help it is to look back and say, "Once I was in college, and there God came very close to me with his blessings. I felt him in my heart. And though I knew less of the world than now, still I had a tender conscience then; I was not embittered by life's rough usage; my motives were simple and pure!" That very memory steadies the soul like an anchorage.

Noble Christian character! Who will lay up this trophy now? It is a trophy, never coming of itself, but won, and won through contest. There are five inclinations, Horace says, that must be fought in this contest. His words are: "Youth yields to every evil impression, is rough to reproof, is slow in attending to his best interests, is presumptuous, and is swift to leave what before has pleased his fancy." These are the inclinations to be conquered. They are conquered when youth (1) resists evil, (2) values reproof, (3) hastens to do right, (4) seeks divine guidance, and (5) cleaves to the good. The very impetuosity and passion of youth, turned from wrong uses into right uses, help us to win and deserve our trophies.

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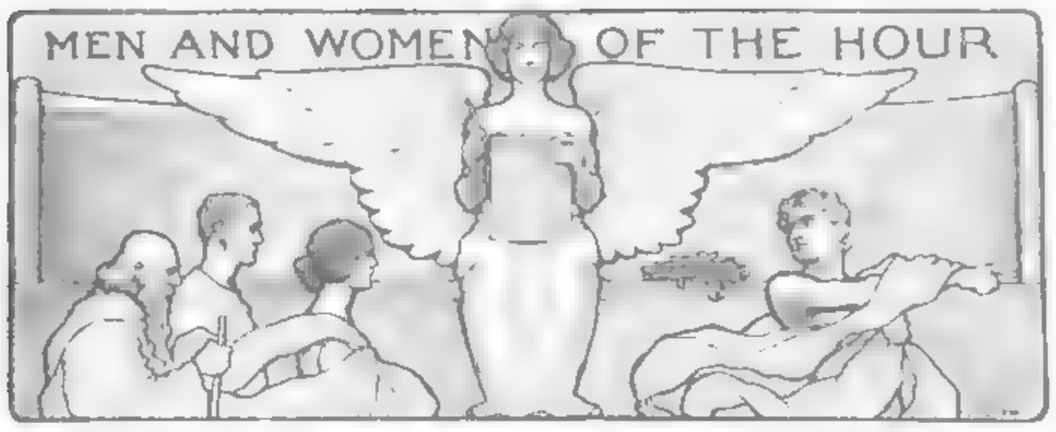
REV. JAMES G. K. McCLURE, D. D., Pastor of the Lake Forest (Illinois) Presbyterian church and President of Lake Forest University, was born in Albany, New York, in 1848. He graduated from the Albany Academy in 1865; from Phillips Andover Academy in 1866, and from Yale College in 1870. His theological course, from 1870 to 1873, was taken at Princeton Seminary. In 1874 he became pastor of the Presbyterian church at New Scotland, New York, and in 1879 he resigned, to travel in Europe, Egypt, Palestine and Greece for a year. In 1881 he became pastor at Lake Forest, and in 1897 he assumed the additional duties of the Presidency of Lake Forest University. The degree of Doctor of Divinity came to him in 1888 from Lake Forest University.

EDITOR'S NOTE—The sermons in the POST Series represent practical, unsectarian thought on vital topics by the best religious thinkers of the world. This sermon, The Safeguard of Manhood, is taken from The Culture of Christian Manhood, Sunday Mornings in Battell Chapel, Yale University, edited by William H. Sallmon. Published by Fleming H. Revell Company, New York City. The first ten are:

I—The Simplest Kind of Religion,	by Henry Drummond,	May 28
II—Does Death Really End All?	by Minot J. Savage, D. D.,	June 11
III—Having an Aim in Life,	by Philip S. Moxom, D. D.,	June 18
IV—The Discontent of Modern Life,	by Walton W. Battershall, D. D.,	June 25
V—The Meaning of Manhood,	by Henry Van Dyke, D. D.,	July 9
VI—The Ground of Christian Certainty,	by George Hodges, D. D.,	July 16
VII—Stumbling Stones of Life,	by Andrew P. Peabody, D.D.,	July 23
VIII—The Middle Years of Life,	by R. E. Welsh, M. A.,	July 30
IX—The Power of Personality,	by Amory H. Bradford, D. D.,	Aug. 6
X—The Safeguard of Manhood,	by James G. K. McClure, D. D.,	Aug. 20



How Schley Had His Picture Taken It is said that the portraits of Commodore Schley now most commonly displayed in the shop windows are copies of a photograph taken last summer in a little Connecticut village near which the Schleys had a summer cottage. The story of how the Commodore was induced to "set" is interesting as giving an insight into the family life of the hero of Santia.

The visit was made to the photographer's in order to secure a picture of Schley's grandson, and after the little one had looked sufficiently "pleasant" for the photographer to secure a good likeness, it was suggested that Schley himself face the deadly fire of the lens. As the family had no picture of their hero in uniform, the latter donned his "working clothes" and had the desired portrait taken. On development it proved to be anything but a portrait. But the wily photographer, realizing that he had the latest picture of Schley in uniform, found a ready market for the picture, and the public, in spite of the fact that the portrait is a wretched reproduction of the Commodore's noble face, clamor for his picture in uniform and the photographer is profiting by the sales.

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Joseph Chamberlain's Entrance Into Politics Joseph Chamberlain, M. P., one of the foremost Englishmen of the day, has just entered upon his sixty third year. He has been before the public ever since 1885, and his fame is almost as wide as his Queen's. His fortune was made in the manufacture of screws, and, together with his ability as a statesman, he possesses much hard, business sense.

There is a characteristic story told of the days when the Mayor of Manchester was beginning to cast his municipal shell. A gentleman interested in the wonderful oratorical powers which the rising star was said to possess, paid a visit to a meeting at which the latter was to speak. He did not have any acquaintance with Mr. Chamberlain's physiognomy, and, struck by the speaking abilities of a gentleman, turned to a hard featured elderly gentleman to him, and asked the speaker's name. "Who's speaking now?" repeated the old man in contemptuous amazement, raising his eyes from a stick which he possessed, and which he had been rapturously contemplating. "Why, that's the great Joe Chamberlain, and"—after a slight pause for greater effect—"I'm holding his stick for him!"

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Fixing the Status of Hawaii's Former Queen The settlement of the exact status of Mrs. Dominis, or ex-Queen Liliuokalani, will be an interesting feature of the diplomacy that shall definitely unite the Hawaiian Islands to the United States. When her Kingdom was overthrown, she protested against the part taken in the movement by officers of the United States and demanded compensation for personal losses. In 1895, however, she formally accepted the overthrow of Royalty as a final act, and in the following year the Government of the Republic granted her a full pardon.

When the new treaty of annexation was before the United States Senate, in 1897, she entered a protest against its ratification, despite her acceptance of the changed conditions of Government on the island. Now that annexation is an accomplished fact, she again files her protest and with it a demand for compensation for the crown lands confiscated by the Republic and for their rental since her overthrow. President Cleveland favored granting her a conditional pension. It remains to be seen whether the present Administration will be as liberally disposed.

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M. Edmond Rostand in His Study M. Edmond Rostand, author of the famous modern play, Cyrano de Bergerac, is one of the most striking and original of French literary men. He is tall and thin, and at first impresses one as being decidedly reserved in manner, but closer acquaintance shows him to be decidedly unconventional and a pleasant companion.

Mr. Rostand's house in Paris is furnished in the semi-mediæval style. But it has not [illegible] Nowhere are bookshelves seen, and his study, instead of being a cozy room with [illegible] suggestive of literature, is a [illegible]y furnished chamber, which has the appearance of a dressing room. Mr. Rostand does not believe in reading when the mind [illegible] thoroughly formed; he believes that a literary man should draw his inspiration from within, not from without.

In his play, Cyrano de Bergerac, over which Paris is in a furore, praising it more highly than any dramatic work in France for a generation, M. Rostand has taken for his hero an historical character. The real Cyrano lived in Paris in the days of Richelieu and was a notorious bully. M. Rostand has idealized this character, and utilized certain incidents in his career. Some of the words spoken by the hero in the play are not those of M. Rostand, but the actual utterances of Cyrano while he lived in Paris.

Cyrano de Bergerac was a writer of no mean ability. His Lettres Diverses bristle with epigrams. He writes to a coward, who has insulted him, that he does not intend to fight because he is afraid, and much as he dislikes the accusation of being a fool, he would dislike still more to be accused of being defunct. To a man who refuses to lend him money, he says that he has no longer any right to refuse, that now he really owes him the full amount, for "the harm which I have done to my reputation by being seen publicly in your company is worth at least forty pistoles." To a lady he gives as the reason why they had had such a mild winter, that the sun, on seeing her, could not make up his mind to continue on his journey South, that if, formerly, the beauty of Cité had made him come down from the sky, her beauty was at least enough to make him turn aside from his path.

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Frau Lily von Gizycki in German Politics One of the most notable acquisitions of the Social Democrats of Germany is the daughter of the Prussian General von Kretschmann and the widow of Professor von Gizycki, who will be remembered pleasantly by many American students at the University of Berlin. The Professor was the leader of the Ethical Society, and first introduced Bellamy's Looking Backward to the German public. His wife aided him in editing the journal of the Ethical Society, and after his death, in collaboration with Frau Conet, edited the Frauenbewegung, the organ of the advanced woman's movement in Germany.

In 1866 she joined the Social Democrats, among whom she has attained a remarkable influence. She is a vigorous speaker, has a fine command of the English language, and has lectured to large audiences throughout Germany, Austria and Switzerland, and to the Socialists of England. She is still under forty years of age and is prepossessing.

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General Shafter When in Action Nine tenths of the men in the regular Army also refer to the commander of the American forces at Santiago as "Pecos Bill" Shafter. The sobriquet is a reminiscence of the old days in the Southwest, says the New York World, when Major General Shafter as a Colonel of infantry, chased Indians, rode hard, tramped harder, and made the hardest sort of military life pleasant for everybody around him.

They tell a hundred stories in the Army to prove that "Pecos Bill" Shafter is a real soldier; not one of the sort that likes a military hop as well as he likes a scrimmage with an enemy. They say of him that he is "hard". They don't mean, of course, that he is "hard" in a moral or humane sense, because he is as gentle as a woman, and as rigid in his views of life as a Puritan father. But he is hard as a soldier—that is, he is a hard rider, a hard fighter, and a strict disciplinarian.

In order to fully appreciate his energy it should be remembered that General Shafter is a sure enough "heavy weight". He is pretty nearly as big from east to west as he is from north to south. He frankly admits that he weighs "something over three hundred pounds". And he looks the part, too. But if you could see him in action, jumping about as lively as a cricket, with his coat off and his arms traveling as fast as his tongue, giving orders in a manner that is at once emphatic and soldierly, you would not be inclined to detract from the glory that the men of the line and rank confer upon him.

The reports from Santiago say that the big General assumed direct command of his men that he rode into the field with his coat off and yelled orders just as he used to do in the old days when baiting renegade Indians was the extent of the nation's military undertakings.

"Bill" Shafter is known as a plain man, too. There are no frills at all at him. He went off to Cuba not a whit better equipped, as far as clothing was concerned, than the troopers who went with him and sweltered under heavy blue cloth uniforms. A friend who was with him at Tampa suggested that he have one of the fashionable "khaki" uniforms constructed for himself. Most of the Generals and Staff Officers with him presented very natty figures, and the bluff old Indian campaigner admired them in a careless, uninterested way.

"They are just the things for a ball," said he. "But," he added, "I don't want any of them in mine. I guess I will go just as I am. I will fit in among the boys better if I look more like them."

So "Bill" Shafter went off to the war in a regulation uniform of dark blue cloth of the same quality as the clothes worn by the [illegible] troopers. The only difference was that upon each of his shoulders there were two gold stars—the insignia of a Major General of the United States Army. He endeared himself to the troops in his corps by advising the regimental commanders to take off and leave off their coats.

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Frankfort Moore in His Garden Frankfort Moore, the author of The Millionaires, lives in Kensington, England, and about his house is a large garden in which he takes particular delight. When the weather is warm he invariably writes there with a pad on his knee. He dislikes the ordinary writing table and the author's study. He has a wonderful fountain pen that has written over a million words. For pets he has two exceedingly clever cats. Mr. Moore would tell you that their intelligence is superior to that of any dog that ever breathed, and that they adore him.

Speaking of his career as a writer of plays and books, Mr. Moore recently said:

"My first production was a volume of poems. That was when I was eighteen. It had a certain success. I managed that by inducing my friends to buy a copy; afterward they became—well—not my friends. I have written a lot of verse since, but have never published it. I wrote a play in verse which was performed at the Opera Comique by Mr. Edward Compton for a hundred nights. That was six years ago. It was curiously enough, recently performed by some amateurs in aid of some charity."

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How Fortune Follows Cecil Rhodes The Right Hon. Cecil John Rhodes, who has just reached the age of forty five, is certainly a child of fortune. His first acquaintance with the Cape Colony was the result of a cold, which turned into an affection of the lungs. To regain his failing health he sailed for the Cape, and was so pleased with the locality that he refused to return home.

Another piece of good luck was when Rhodes refused to enlist with Gordon in the disastrous expedition to Kartoum. Gordon had, a year or so previously, been at the Cape, and become very friendly with the future Premier. It was at this period that Gordon told Rhodes the story of the offer of a roomful of gold made to him by the Chinese Government. "What did you do?" asked Rhodes. "Refused it, of course," was the reply. "What would you have done?" "Taken it," was Rhodes' brief but [illegible] reply, "and as many more as I could get. You can't carry out big ideas unless you've got enough money to do it with."

LIFE IN THE PHILIPPINES

In the Cradle of Earthquakes and Typhoon

By JOSEPH EARLE STEVENS

MANILA fails to convey much idea of its size from the fact that it stretches far back on the low land, thus permitting the eye to see only the front line of buildings and a few taller and more distant church steeples. Not far in the background rises a high range of velvet-like looking mountains whose tops aspire to show themselves above the clouds, and on the right and left stretch flanking ranges of lower altitude.

We were soon steaming back up a narrow river thickly fringed with small ships, steamers, houses, quays and people. It was piping hot at the low custom house on the [illegible] Panting carabao—the oxen of the [illegible]—stopped to find shade under a parcel of bamboos, shaggy goats nosed about for stray bits of crude sugar dropped from bags being discharged by coolies, piles of machinery were lying around, promiscuously dumped into the deep mud of the outwards, natives with bare backs gleaming in the sun were lugging hemp or prying open boxes, and under-officials with sharp rods were probing flour sacks in the search for contraband. Spanish officials in full uniform, smoking cigarettes, playing chess, and fanning themselves in their comfortable seats in bent-wood rocking chairs, were interrupted by our arrival, and made one boat within as they upset the baggage and diligently searched among it for smuggled dollars.

After they had finished, we stepped into a rickety barouche that, drawn by two small and bony ponies, took us to the office of Henry W. Peabody & Company, the only American house in the Philippines.

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And having entered the two upstair rooms, that looked out over the little Plaza de Cervantes, I was introduced to bamboo chairs, a quartette of desks and half a dozen office boys, who were rudely awakened from their morning's slumber by the scuffle of my heavy boots on the broad, black planks of the shining floors. Across the larger room, suspended from the ceiling, hung the big "punka," which seems to form a most important article of furniture in every tropical establishment. On my arrival, the boy who pulled the string got down to work, and amid the sea breezes that blew the morning's mail about, business of the day began.

The first thing I noticed was that cloth, instead of plaster, formed the walls and ceilings, and seemed far less likely than the mixture of lime and water to fall into baby's crib, or onto the dinner table during those terrestrial or celestial exhibitions for which Manila is famous. For the Philippines are said to be the cradle of earthquake and typhoon, and in buildings everywhere construction seems to conform to the requirements of these much respected "movers." Tiles on roofs, they say, are now forbidden, since the passers by below are not willing to wear brass helmets or carry steel umbrellas to ward off a shower of those missiles started by a heavy shake of the earth.

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In the Manila houses, down in the town, outside the city walls, the regular, or rather irregular, Spanish type prevails, and Nature in her nervousness, seems to have done much in dispensing with lines horizontal and perpendicular. The buildings all have an appearance of feebleness and senility, and look as if a good blow or a heavy shake would lay them flat. But in the old city behind the fortifications, are heavy buttressed buildings of bygone days, built when it was thought that earthquakes respected thick walls rather than thin, and the sturdy buttresses so occupy the narrow sidewalks that pedestrians must travel single file.

The Spanish—so it seems—rejoice to huddle together in these gloomy houses of Manila proper, but the rich natives, half castes and foreigners all prefer the newer villas outside the narrow streets and musty walls, and just as much as the Anglo-Saxon likes to place a grass-plot or a garden between him and the thoroughfare in front of his residence, so does the Spaniard seek to hug close to the street, and even builds his houses to overhang the sidewalk.

Save for carriages and dogs, the lower floors of city houses are generally deserted, and, on account of fevers that hang about in the mists of the low ground, every one takes to living on the upper story. Balconies, which are so elaborate that they carry the whole upper part of the house out over the sidewalk, are a conspicuous feature in all

EDITOR'S NOTE—This reading is taken from Yesterdays in the Philippines, an interesting volume of reminiscences by Joseph Earle Stevens. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

the buildings of older construction, and with their engaging overhang afford opportunities for leaning out to talk with passers-by below, or a convenient vantage ground from which to throw the waste water from wash basins. Huge window gratings thrust themselves forward from the walls of the lower story, and are often big enough to permit dogs and servants to sit in them and watch the pedestrians, who almost have to leave the sidewalk in order to get around [illegible] great cages.

I may be just as well, before going [illegible] to say something about this town that is so [illegible]ually labelled "Pearl of the Orient" and "Venice of the Far East" by poets who have only seen the oyster shell windows or back doors on the Pasig on the cover labels of cigar boxes. It is big enough, and the main street, Escolta, is as busy with life and as well fringed with shops as a Washington street or a Broadway.

The city squats around its old friend, the river Pasig, and shakes hands with itself in the several bridges that bind one side to the other. On the right bank of the river, coming in from the bay and passing up by the breakwater, lies the old walled town of Manila proper, whose weedy moats, portcullised drawbridges and heavy gates suggest a troubled past. Old Manila may be figured as a triangle a mile on a side, and the dingy walls seem, as it were, to herd in a drove of church steeples, a hoods houses and streets. The river is the boundary on the north, and the wall at that side but takes up the quay which runs in from the breakwater and carries it up to the Puente de Espana, the first bridge that has courage enough to span the yellow stream at this point.

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The front wall runs a mile to the south along the bay front, starting at the river in the old fort and battery that look down on the berth where the Esmeralda lies, and is separated from the beach only by an old moat and the promenade of the Malecon, which, also beginning at the river, runs to an open plaza called the Luneta, a mile up the beach. The east wall takes up the business at that point, and wobbles off at an angle again till it brings up at the river fortifications, just near where the Puente de Espoña, already spoken of, carries all the traffic across the Pasig. Thus the old city is cooped up like pool balls, in a triangle three miles around, and the walls do as much in keeping out the wind as they do in keeping in the various unsavory odors that come from people who like garlic and don't take baths. Here is the cathedral—a fine old church that cost a million of money, and was widowed of its steeple in the earthquakes of the '80's—and besides a lot of smaller churches are convent schools, the city hall, army barracks, and a raft of private residences.

Opposite Old Manila, on the other bank, lies the business section, with the big quays lined with steamers and alive with movement. The custom house and the foreign business community are close by the river side, while in back are hundreds of narrow streets, storehouses, and shops that go to make up the stamping ground of the Chinese who successfully control so large a part of the provincial trade.

Everything centres at the foot of the Puente de Espoña, which pours its perspiring flood into the narrow lane of the Escolta, and people, carriages, tram cars and dust all sail in here from north, east, south and west. As on the other side, the busy part of the section runs a mile up and down the river and a mile back from it, while out or up beyond come the earlier residential suburbs. In Old Manila, the Church seems to rule, but on this side the Pasig the State makes itself felt, from the custom house to the Governor's palace—a couple of miles up stream.

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As to population, Manila, in the larger sense, may hold 350,000 souls, besides a few dogs. Of the lot, call 50,000 Chinese, 5,000 Spaniards, 150 Germans, ninety English, and four Americans. The rest are natives or half castes of the Malay type, whose blood runs in all mixtures of Chinese, Spanish and what not proportions, and whose Chinese eyes, flat noses and high cheek bones [illegible] queer accompaniments to their Spanish accents. Thus the majority of the souls in Manila—like the dogs—are mongrels *ad nauseam*, as the word is.

I spent my first night in Manila at the Spanish Hotel El Oriente, and it was here that I became acquainted with that peculiar [illegible]ution, the Philippine bed. And to the [illegible] arrived traveler its peculiar rig and construction make it command a good deal of interest, if not respect. It is a four-poster, with the posts extending high enough to support a light roof, from whose eaves hang copious folds of deep lace. The bed-frame is strung tightly across with regular chair bottom cane, and the only other fittings are a piece of straw matting spread over the cane pillow, and a surrounding wall of mosquito netting that drops down from the roof and is tucked in under the matting.

After finally pulling away the netting, I found the hard cane bottom about as soft as the teak floor, and looked in vain for blankets, sheets and mattresses. In fact, it seems as if I had gotten into an unfurnished house, and the more I thought about it the longer I stayed awake and wondered.

Next morning my breakfast was brought up by a native boy, and consisted of a cup of thick chocolate, a dummy roll and a sort of seed cake without any hole in it. How to drink the chocolate, which was as thick as molasses, seemed the chief question, but I rightly concluded that the seed cake was put there to sop it out of the cup, after the fashion of blotting paper.

After beginning the morning by ordering a dozen suits of white sheeting from a native tailor—price, $2.50 apiece—I was introduced to the members of the English Club, and went to feel more at home stretched out in one of the long chairs in the cool library.

This is indeed a land where laziness becomes second nature. If you want a book or paper on the table, and they lie more than a yard or two from where you are located, it is not policy to reach for them. O, no! You ring a bell twice as far off, take a nap while the boy comes from a distance, and wake up to find him handing you them with a graceful and pleasant "Aqui, [illegible]."

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It is very difficult to absorb the points of so large a place at one's first introduction, so I won't go further now than to speak of that far famed seaside promenade called the Luneta, where society takes its airing after [illegible] of the day is over.

[illegible] me an elliptical plaza about a thousand feet long, situated just above the low beach which borders the bay, and looking over toward the China Sea. Running around its edge is a broad roadway, bounded on one side by the sea wall and on the other by the green fields and bamboo trees of the parade grounds. In the centre of the raised ellipse is the bandstand, and on every afternoon from six to eight all Manila comes here to feel the breeze, hear the music, and see their neighbors. Hundreds of carr[illegible] the roadways, and mounted police keep them in proper tie. The movement is from right to left, and only the Archbishop and the Governor-General are ever allowed to drive in the opposite direction.

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The gentler element, in order not to encourage a flow of perspiration that may melt off their complexi[illegible] take to carriages, but the stronger sex prefer to walk up and down, crowd around the bandstand, or sit along the edge of the curbing in c[illegible] rented for a couple of coppers. Directly in front lies the great bay, with the sun going down in the Boca Chica, between the hardly visible island of Corregidor and the mainland, thirty miles away. To the rear stretches the parade ground, backed up by clumps of bamboos and the distant mountains beyond. To the right lie the corner batteries and walls of Old Manila, and to the left the attractive suburb of Ermita, with the stretch of shore running along toward the naval station of Cavite, eleven miles away.

To take a chair, watch the people walking to and fro, and see the endless stream of smart turnouts passing in slow procession, to hear a band of fifty pieces render popular and classic music with the spirit of a Sousa or a Reeves, is to doubt that you are in a capital 8000 miles from Paris and 11,000 miles from New York. Footmen, with tall hats, in spotless white uniforms grace the box seats of the low built Victorias, while tastefully dressed Spanish women of wealthy half castes recline against the soft cushions and take for granted the admiration of those walking up and down the mall.

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The splendidly trained artillery band composed entirely of natives, but conducted by a Spaniard, plays half a dozen selections each evening, and here is a treat that one can have every afternoon of the year free of charge. There are no snow drifts or cold winds to mar the performance, and, except during the showers and winds of the rainy season, it goes on without interruption.

After the music is over the carriages rush off in every direction, behind smart-stepping little ponies that get over the ground at a tremendous pace, and the dinner hour is late enough not to rob one of those pleasant hours at just about sunset. There are no horses in Manila—all ponies, and some of them are so small as to be actually insignificant. They are tremendously tough little beasts, and stand more heat, work and beating than most horses of twice their size.

I had expected an early introduction to earthquakes, but none have occurred so far, and I am almost tempted to get reckless. Soon after my arrival I was induced to put a chemical bottles in a box of sawdust, empty part of the water out of my pitcher, and pack my watch in cotton wool in anticipation of some nocturnal disturbance. For the old stagers who saw the city fall to pieces back in the '80's deem it their duty to alarm the new arrival, and almost turn pale when a heavy dray rolls by over the cobblestones in the street near the club, or make ready to fly out-of doors at the first suspicion of vibration.

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A word or two more about the floors in Manila houses. I don't suppose there is a soft wood tree in the islands, and as a result one sees some very interesting hard wood productions. The floors come under this category. Rough-hewn as they are—out of huge, hand sawed, hard wood planks—they are models. By certain processes of polishing with banana leaves and greasy rags, they are made to shine like genius itself, and give such a clean, cool air to the houses that one is compelled to regard them with admiration. In fact, there is a certain charm in Manila about many specimens of hand work that one encounters everywhere. The stilted regularities—as our good professor used to say—of machine-made articles are frequently conspicuous by their absence, and instead, one sees the inequalities, the lack of exact repetition, the infinitality of lines that are not just perpendicular or horizontal, all of which make up the charm of work that is hand made, that reflects the movements of a living arm and not a rather than those of a wheel or a lever.

A CITIZEN OF THE INTERIOR

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The curious windows that are everywhere are likewise instructive. Like the blinds, they slide in grooves on the rafters of the balconies, and serve to shut out the weather from the interior. They consist of frames containing a number of small lattice work squares, into which are placed thin, flat, translucent sea shells which admit light, but that are not look through[illegible]able. We have all heard of shell roads, but never of shell windows, and one misses the presence of glass until he has got accustomed to a Manila house, whose sliding sides are one vast window that is rarely closed. Manila streets, outside the city proper, are smooth, hard, and well shaded by the arching bamboos. They are already proving attractive to the bicycle, which, though very expensive out here at the Antipodes, is growing in favor, especially among the wealthier half castes or *mestizos*.

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Street-car service is slow, but pretty generally good. The car is a thing by itself, as is the one lean pony that pulls it. It takes one man to drive and one to work the whip, and if the wind blows too hard service is generally suspended. The conductor carries a small valise suspended from his neck, and whistles through his lips "up-hill" to stop, and "down hill" as the starting sign. The usual notice, "Smoking allowed on the three rear seats only," is absent, for everyone smokes, even to the conductor, who generally drops the ash off a fifteen for a cent cigarette into your lap as he hands you a receipt for your *dos centavos*. The chief rule of the road says:

"This car has seats for twelve persons, and places for eight on each platform. Passengers are requested to stand in equal numbers only on both platforms, to prevent [illegible]."

And so, if there are four "fares" on the front and six on the back platform, somebody has to stumble forward to equalize the weight. No one is allowed to stand inside, and if the car contains its quota of passengers the driver hangs out the sign, "*Lleno*" (full), and doesn't stop, even for the Archbishop. It is just as well, perhaps, to sit at the front end of the car if you are afraid of small pox, for the other morning a Philippine mamma brushed into a seat holding a scantily clothed babe well covered with evidences of that terrible disease, and the child's condition attracted no extra attention.

One sympathizes with the single pony that does the pulling as he sees thirty people besides the car in his load, and it is no uncommon thing, on a slight rise or sharp turn, for all hands to get off and help the vehicle over the difficulty. The driver holds the whip by the wrong end, and lets the heavy one come down with double force on the terribly tough hide of the motive power. Aside from tram cars, some of these little beasts, however, are possessed of great speed, and with a reckless *cochero* in charge it is no uncommon sight to see three or four turnouts come tearing down the street abreast, full tilt, clearing the road, killing dogs and roosters, and making one's hair stand on end with fright.

Speaking of roosters, they are the native dog in the Philippines. The inhabitants pet and coddle them, smooth down their plumage, clean their combs, or pull out their tail feathers to make them fight to their heart's content, and it is a fact that these fighting glass eaters really seem to show affection for their proprietors in as great measure as they exhibit hatred for their brothers. Every native has his fighting cock, which is reared with the greatest care until he has shown sufficient prowess to entitle him to an entrance into the cock pit. In case of fire the rooster is the first thing rescued and removed to a place of safety, for babies—common luxuries in the Philippines—are a secondary consideration and more easily duplicated than the feathered biped. It is almost impossible to walk along any street in the suburban part of the town without seeing dozens of natives trudging along with roosters under their arms which are being talked to and petted to distraction.

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The cock pits where gatherings are held on Thursdays and Sundays are large inclosures covered with a roof of thatch sewed onto a framework of bamboo; they are open on all sides, and banked up with tiers of rude seats that surround a sawdust ring in the centre. Outside the gates to the flimsy structure sit a motley crowd of women, young and old, selling eatables whose dark greasy texture beggars description, while here and there in the open spaces a couple of natives will be giving their respective roosters a sort of preliminary trial with each other. As the show goes on inside, shouts and applause resound at every opportunity, and at the close of the performance a multitude of two wheeled gigs carry off the victors with their spoils, while the losers trudge home afoot.

Other familiar street scenes consist of Chinese barbers, who carry around a chair, a pair of scissors, and a razor wherever they go, and stop to give you a shave or hair cut at any part of the block, or Chinese ear-cleaners, who scoop out of those organs some of the unprintable epithets hurled by one native at another. Cascades of slops not uncommonly descend into the streets as one walks along beneath a slightly overhanging second story of some of the houses.

Nearly all of the older bungalows in Manila possess what are called house snakes—huge reptiles generally about twelve or fourteen feet long and as thick as a fire engine hose, that permanently reside up in the roof and live on the rats. These big creatures are harmless, and rarely, if ever, leave their [illegible]. Judging from the noise over my clothes closet, a pair of these pets find pasturage up above, and I can hear them whacking [illegible] about once a week in their chase after [illegible]. They are good, though noisy, rat catchers, but since they must needs eat all they catch, their efficiency appears to be limited to their length of stomach, and one night of energetic campaign is generally followed by several days of rest.

Some of our other domestic pets are lizards supposed to be about four feet long, who sing every evening at 8:30 P. M., from somewhere off down in the shrubbery [illegible]; turkeys and pigs that belong to the boys that serve us, a cluster of fighting cocks and a family of puppies. It is easy to be seen that our establishment is thus somewhat of a tropical menagerie, and a performance is almost always going on in some quarter.

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I have just completed the purchase of a horse and carriage complete, including the coachman, for $150, and on the first trial we passed everything on the road. The pony is a high stepper, and rattled along over the ground at a terrific speed, as a good Philippine animal should. The coachman seems to know how to drive, and so far, though he has run over two boys, he has not taken off any wheels in the car tracks.

They say it costs a good deal to live well out this way, but that is a mistake, and if one lived at home in the same style the bills would be at least ten times as large. To be sure, it would be possible to come to Manila, board with a Spanish family in the old city, avoid joining the club, and live almost for nothing. However, this is a custom not much encouraged in the Orient, and one cannot properly take his place among the colony of English and other Europeans without spending a certain reasonable amount.

Business is done more on a social scale than at home, and the lowest English clerk in the large houses feels that he must enter into the free and easy expenditure of his better paid chief. After office hours are over, everyone stands on the same social plane, and all business talk is strictly tabooed.

THE BEST POEMS IN THE WORLD

XXIV

THE BENEDICTION

From the French of François Coppée

WITH A DRAWING BY LEYENDECKER

IT WAS in eighteen hundred—yes—and nine,
That we took Saragossa. What a day
Of untold horrors! I was Sergeant then.
The city carried, we laid siege to houses,
All shut up close, and with a treacherous look,
Raining down shots upon us from the windows.
"'Tis the priest's doings!" was the word passed round;
So that, although since daybreak under arms—
Our eyes with powder smarting, and our mouths
Bitter with kissing cartridge-ends—piff! paff!
Rattled the musketry with ready aim,
If shovel hat and long black coat were seen
Flying in the distance. Up a narrow street
My company worked on. I kept an eye
On every house-top, right and left, and saw
From many a roof flames suddenly burst forth,
Coloring the sky, as from the chimney-tops
Among the forges. Low our fellows stooped,
Entering the low-pitched dens. When they came out,
With bayonets dripping red, their bloody fingers
Signed crosses on the wall; for we were bound,
In such a dangerous defile, not to leave
Foes lurking in our rear. There was no drum-beat,
No ordered march. Our officers looked grave;
The rank and file uneasy, jogging elbows
As do recruits when flinching.
All at once,
Rounding a corner, we are hailed in French
With cries for help. At double-quick we join
Our hard-pressed comrades. They were grenadiers,
A gallant company, but beaten back
Inglorious from the raised and flag-paved square
Fronting a convent. Twenty stalwart monks
Defended it; black demons with shaved crowns,
The cross in white embroidered on their frocks,
Barefoot, their sleeves tucked up, their only weapons
Enormous crucifixes, so well brandished
Our men went down before them. By platoons
Firing we swept the place; in fact, we slaughtered
This terrible group of heroes, no more soul
Being in us than in executioners.

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The foul deed done—deliberately done—
And the thick smoke rolling away, we noted,
Under the huddled masses of the dead,
Rivulets of blood run trickling down the steps;
While in the background solemnly the church
Loomed up, its doors wide open. We went in.
It was a desert. Lighted tapers starred
The inner gloom with points of gold. The incense
Gave out its perfume. At the upper end,
Turned to the altar, as though unconcerned
In the fierce battle that had raged, a priest,
White-haired and tall of stature, to a close
Was bringing tranquilly the mass. So stamped
Upon my memory is that thrilling scene,
That, as I speak, it comes before me now—
The convent built in old time by the Moors;
The huge brown corpses of the monks; the sun
Making the red blood on the pavement steam;
And there, framed in by the low porch, the priest;
And there the altar brilliant as a shrine;
And here ourselves, all halting, hesitating,
Almost afraid.
I, certes, in those days
Was a confirmed blasphemer. 'Tis on record
That once, by way of sacrilegious joke,
A chapel being sacked, I lit my pipe
At a wax candle burning on the altar.
This time, however, I was awed—so blanched
Was that old man!
"Shoot him!" our Captain cried.
Not a soul budged. The priest beyond all doubt
Heard; but, as though he heard not, turning round,
He faced us with the elevated Host,
Having that period of the service reached
When on the faithful benediction falls.
His lifted arms seemed as the spread of wings,
And as he raised the pyx, and in the air
With it described the cross, each man of us
Fell back, aware the priest no more was trembling
Than if before him the devout were ranged.
But when, intoned with clear and mellow voice,
The words came to us—
Vos benedicat
Deus Omnipotens!

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The Captain's order
Rang out again and sharply, "Shoot him down,
Or I shall swear!" Then one of ours, a dastard,
Leveled his gun and fired. Upstanding still,
The priest changed color, though with steadfast look
Set upwards, and indomitably stern,
Pater et Filius!
Came the words. What frenzy,
What maddening thirst for blood, sent from our ranks
Another shot, I know not; but 'twas done.
The monk, with one hand on the altar's ledge,
Held himself up; and strenuous to complete
His benediction, in the other raised
The consecrated Host. For the third time
Tracing in air the symbol of forgiveness,
With eyes closed, and in tones exceeding low,
But in the general hush distinctly heard,
Et Sanctus Spiritus!
He said; and ending
His service, fell down dead.

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The golden pyx
Rolled bounding on the floor. Then, as we stood,
Even the old troopers, with our muskets grounded,
And choking horror in our hearts, at sight
Of such a shameless murder and at sight
Of such a martyr—with a chuckling laugh,
Amen!
Drawled out a drummer-boy.

"THEN ONE OF OURS . . . LEVELED HIS GUN AND FIRED"

AUTHOR OF THE BENEDICTION

François Coppée, was one of the most popular of French poets. He was early in life compelled to support his mother and sisters, and, in spite of a small salary, he made for them an unassuming home of brightness and serenity. He gradually won his way until he became librarian of the Comédie Française, a member of the French Academy, and the most widely popular of the contemporary poets of his country.

In his poetry there is seldom a line too many or a word too much. He is in earnest in expressing and impressing his convictions. He knows what to say and says it. He rarely misses the mark.

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES" THAT ARE MAKING HISTORY

The Heroic Work of Our Naval Midgets

A conspicuous feature of our naval operations is the astonishing work performed by the small craft in the regular and auxiliary squadrons. In bold captures and effective fighting the pleasure yachts, tugs, revenue cutters and lighthouse tenders that were hastily converted into war craft have excited the wonder of the naval world at large. With armaments of one, three and six-pounders, and Colt and Maxim machine guns, these saucy little vessels have held their own with the ponderous cruisers and battle-ships.

The feat of the Gloucester, formerly the pleasure yacht Corsair, in destroying the torpedo boat destroyers Pluton and Furor during Cervera's flight from Santiago de Cuba, was one of the most remarkable in naval annals. The Eagle, Hawk, Mangrove and other small craft have deeds to their credit of corresponding importance. The great utility of these naval midgets has been demonstrated under most acute and thrilling circumstances.

Germany's Attack on American Manufactures

Ever since the Dingley Tariff Bill became law there has been an undisguised ill-feeling in official and commercial circles of Germany against the United States. This tariff made possible the keenest competition in Germany of numerous articles of American manufacture, notably machinery, bicycles and hardware, with local productions, to the disadvantage of the latter. Now that the general elections in Germany have brought a larger commercial element into power, the Government has undertaken an official inquiry to determine what changes in its own tariff legislation are necessary to protect their own artisans from the competition of American handiwork. If the Ministry of Commerce accedes to the demands of those who have started the present agitation a prohibitive tax on American manufactures is likely to result; but such a retaliatory measure has invariably proved an unsatisfactory, if not a dangerous, expedient.

A Fleet of over 40,000 Ships

That the general commerce of the entire world is undergoing a remarkable increase is attested not only by official reports, but by an unusual activity in commercial naval construction in all the great trading countries. In a single year, England alone has built fully 300,000 tons more than all the fleets of the world lost by wreckage or condemnation in that period. To-day the sailing fleet of England represents more than a third of the world's combined sailing fleets, and her steam fleet nearly sixty per cent. of the steam fleets of the world. North America ranks second and Norway third, each having about two-thirds more sailing than steam tonnage of the entire world.

In combined tonnage, Germany holds fourth place, but in steam alone she follows England, and in the number and value of her passenger steamships she also stands above all countries excepting England. The commercial fleet of the world comprises nearly 30,000 sailing vessels of over 9,000,000 tons net, and more than 11,000 steamships of nearly 10,800,000 tons net. As the steamship, by its more rapid voyages, has a transporting capacity about three times greater than the sailing vessel, it will be seen how the capacityof transportation is increasing.

How New York Will Take its Soldier Vote

New York was the first State to take Legislative action to secure its soldier vote in the approaching State elections. The bill submitted at the special session of the Legislature provided that the Secretary of State should make a general register of the electors absent from their homes in the actual military service of the State or of the Federal Government by means of blanks sent to commanding officers. Official ballots and envelopes, the latter containing in print the name and residence of each soldier elector and an oath that he is a qualified elector of the State, are to be delivered to the principal officer of every command in which there are ten or more electors of the State.

Polls are to be opened on election day, or on any secular day within twenty-four days prior thereto, at the quarters of the Captain of a company, and any command having less than ten electors may vote at the most convenient poll. The electors will choose their inspectors of elections from among themselves, and the inspectors will prepare their lists from the printed names on the ballot envelopes. The envelopes and one set of poll books will be sent to the Secretary of State and the second sent to the Governor. No mere informality will be allowed to invalidate these elections from the field.

Reopening Our Commercial Channels

The destruction of the Spanish fleets under Admirals Montojo and Cervera and the necessity for keeping Admiral Camara's much-lauded Cadiz squadron in home waters rendered the great coast line of the United States immune against hostile attack. In less than three months from the declaration of war the United States was enabled to begin the work of relieving its most exposed ports of their defensive apparatus, and to again open its great commercial harbors to the navigation of the world.

The submarine mines and torpedoes have been removed to a large extent, the precautionary coast signal stations along the Atlantic have been abandoned, and the lightships have been restored to their chartered positions, with lights again burning. Our ports are now as free and safe for the commercial marine as if the country was at peace with the whole world.

China Seeking Our National Friendship

Wu Ting-fang, the new Chinese Minister to the United States, has expressed some views on the present relations between his country and our own which should receive serious consideration in view of the desire of Congress and the Administration to increase American trade with China. He says that his country is ready to welcome the United States as a peaceful neighbor and a commercial friend; that among intelligent public men of China there is no prejudice against the United States; and that a repeal of the Exclusion Act of our Congress would promptly restore former good will and increase the trade between the two countries to enormous proportions.

This severe Exclusion Act is an outcome of Dennis Kearney's "sand lot" agitation in California years ago. Such restrictions against a foreign people were never before nor since imposed by our Government. The Chinese in the United States have been more peacable, more industrious and less annoying to organized labor than the people of any other country against whom no restrictions have been laid. It is possible that the present desire of our Congress to promote larger commercial intercourse with China may cause it to raze the wall it erected against her.

Official Balm for the Cuban Fever Scare

According to the opinions of experts the fever which has attacked some of our troops in Cuba is not the true yellow type that is so widely dreaded, but a kind of malaria that is usually four or five days developing and about the same time raging and disappearing. Much suffering has been caused the families of absent soldiers by cruelly exaggerated reports of the prevalence of yellow fever in various camps.

A powerful reassurance comes from experienced Army surgeons and officers that even if yellow fever did exist to a threatening extent, a military camp is superior to all other places for the skillful handling of those stricken, because of the means of isolation, sanitation and medical control. Nearly every case reported in Cuba could be traced to the malarious effects of the climate on the low part of the coast where the troops were landed, and to the trenches before Santiago where the troops lay through frequent rains while awaiting the surrender.

Settling Differences With Next-Door Neighbors

The commissioners appointed by the United States, Great Britain and Canada to prepare a plan for the settlement of all pending controversies between the United States and Canada constitute a body of representative men whose deliberations will be received with high regard. The United States commissioners are Charles W. Fairbanks, United States Senator from Indiana; George Gray, United States Senator from Delaware; Nelson Dingley, United States Representative from Maine, author of the present tariff law, and Chairman of the important House Committee on Ways and Means; John A. Kasson, a former Representative in Congress, Minister to Austria and Germany, and special reciprocity commissioner; and John W. Foster, formerly United States Secretary of State and confidential adviser to the Chinese Government.

The Canadian commissioners are Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Dominion Premier; Sir Louis Davies; Sir Richard Cartwright; and Mr. Charlton, an influential member of the Dominion Parliament. Great Britain, as the mother of Canada, is specially represented by Lord Herschel, formerly Lord Chancellor of England, now also one of the Anglo-Venezuela arbitrators, and a man well-known and beloved in the United States.

Our Showing at the Paris Exposition

The appointment by President McKinley of Ferdinand W. Peck, of Chicago, to be Commissioner-General, was the final act of the United States Government in regard to representation at the Paris Exposition of 1900. The late Commissioner-General Handy, who, despite many difficulties, prepared the way for a worthy assemblage of American exhibits, was anxious for a Congressional appropriation of $1,000,000. The President took the same broad view of what was befitting the United States, but Congress, reflecting a certain popular sentiment adverse to France because of her alleged sympathy with Spain, delayed action till near the close of the session.

Then, on the spur of a Presidential recommendation for an immediate appropriation, Congress voted a sum considerably less than that deemed necessary. The small appropriation will add to other embarrassments of the Commissioner-General; but it is hoped that before the exposition opens our National relations will be such that a more liberal appropriation will be found feasible.

A Closer View of Porto Rican Harbors

San Juan, the first city in commercial and military importance, is a perfect specimen of a walled town, with portcullis, moat, gates and battlements. Built over 250 years ago, it is still in good condition. The walls are picturesque, and represent a stupendous amount of work and the expenditure of vast sums. The city is on a long and narrow island, connected by a bridge with the mainland, and is principally defended by Morro Castle, on a high promontory.

Ponce, the second city commercially, is on the south coast, and contains the residence of the military Commander, several military and other hospitals, an official Chamber of Commerce, and what is said to be the only Protestant church in the Spanish West Indies. Mayaguez, the third city in importance, and the second port for coffee, is on the Mona channel, in the western part, and is an enterprising place, which carries on a valuable trade with the United States.

Fajardo, a town on the east coast, has a remarkably temperate and healthful climate, and lies a little more than a mile back from a handsome bay. Aguadilla is a city and commercial port in the northwestern part, with important industries; Arecibo is a town on the north coast, fifty miles from San Juan, with a poor, insecure harbor; Naguabo is a small town with a fair harbor on the eastern coast; and Arroyo, in the southeastern part, is a small seaport with considerable American trade.

The Increase in Post-Office Deficiencies

Our National postal system has long been a subject of serious concern because of the heavy annual deficiency its management has involved. Last year its revenue exceeded $82,500,000 and its expenditures $94,000,000, leaving a deficit of nearly $11,500,000. Almost $50,000,000 of expenditure was charged to transportation, and of this the greater part was paid to railroads. The tendency is toward increased cost annually. Our great extent of territory and the constant opening of sparsely settled regions remote from large cities are partially responsible for increased cost. The reduction of letter postage from three to two cents was opposed because it would reduce the revenue of the system, and the proposed agreement with Great Britain for a reduction from five to two cents in the letter rates between the two countries may develop a similar opposition.

Our people largely favored the domestic two-cent rate, and appeared willing to bear the additional cost of the system, on the ground that the reduction of rate was a general public benefit. They will doubtless favor the Anglo-American project also. A Congressional committee is now investigating the system, with reference to the cost of mail transportation by railroads. It is gratifying to note that, in the fiscal year 1897-8, the receipts at the fifty largest offices were ten per cent. in excess of those of the previous year.

Labor's Earnings Increasing Everywhere

At the recent convention of the New York State Bankers' Association, President Hepburn, in reviewing present financial conditions, declared that while the earning power of money and property has for years been growing gradually less, the purchasing power of labor has steadily increased. He believed that, as a permanent condition, bankers must recognize four per cent. as a good return, because the day of six per cent. interest has gone, and the choicest investments now yield less than three per cent.

On the other hand, the purchasing power of labor has advanced, because of increased scales of wages and reduced cost of commodities, whether necessaries or luxuries. Money and property to-day are worse off than labor, for the former cannot earn as large incomes as formerly, and the latter can purchase more. This situation must force bankers to pay less interest on deposits.

Forming a Great Republic of Central America

The permanent political union of the five Central American republics is apparently as far from accomplishment now as it ever has been, despite the encouragement given to the movement by powerful interests in the United States. There is, indeed, officially a Greater Republic of Central America, with an accredited representative at Washington; but, in fact, the republics are not yet united.

The three central ones, Honduras, Salvador and Nicaragua, have been striving for federation for several years, and have made many attempts to secure a constitution that would be acceptable to each. The two extreme Republics, Guatemala and Costa Rica, have so far resisted appeals for consolidation because of various inter-republic jealousies and unsettled boundary disputes. All of the republics have been so frequently and disastrously rent by political revolutions, that it is doubtful if there is a man in either that would be acceptable to all for chief magistrate of a really greater Republic.

England's New Possession in China

Wei-Hai-Wei, the Chinese port which has recently come under British control, is a possession of some strategic value. The town itself is of fair dimensions, and is nominally under the rule of a civil officer; but it is really ruled by the local gentry and by the hsein (Mayor), who resides at Wen-Teng, twenty-seven miles south of Wei-Hai-Wei. Artisans pursue their occupations in the streets, and theatrical performances are given in the open air in some frequented spot.

The British took formal possession of Wei-Hai-Wei and the British flag was hoisted over the island on the Queen's birthday. The choice of that day is said to have been merely a coincidence. It is also noted as an amusing coincidence that when the British naval officers went ashore for the ceremony they were greeted by a cuckoo. British blue-jackets under arms were landed, and these formed three sides of a square, the fourth being composed of sailors from the Chinese men-of-war.

About the flagstaff on the ramparts were gathered British naval officers and men and a crowd of Chinese, the Commissioners being received in the centre of the square. The Proclamation of Occupation was then read by Captain King-Hall, whereupon the order was given to "hoist the colors." As they fluttered to the masthead the band played the British National Anthem, and the blue-jackets presented arms. The Chinese National air was also played, but it must have been rather difficult to follow. Three cheers for Her Majesty and one for the Emperor of China concluded the ceremonial. The Chinese flag had been hoisted the previous day, and the two flags of "the dual control" remained flying together for three days.

UNDER THE EVENING LAMP

HALF HOURS WITH SONG AND STORY

Lord Lytton and the Birches

LORD LYTTON, when Viceroy of India, was seated one day at dinner next to a lady whose name was Birch, and who, though very good-looking, was not over-intelligent.

Said she softly to His Excellency: "Are you acquainted with any Birches?" "Oh, yes," replied Lord Lytton; "I knew several of them most intimately while at Eton—indeed, more intimately than I cared to." "My lord," replied the lady, "you forget the Birches are relatives of mine." "And they cut me," continued the Viceroy; "but," and he smiled, "I have never felt more inclined to kiss the rod than I do now." Sad to say, Mrs. Birch did not see the point, and told her husband His Excellency had insulted her.

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Hawaii's Singing Mountain

MOUNT TANTALUS, just outside of Honolulu, can be made to sing any song or run any score in the whole musical repertoire. The natives attribute it all to the ghosts of departed warriors, said to inhabit the fastnesses round about, but science has found the real explanation. The top of this mountain is voiced like a dream-land, and even the most staid nature will thrill and be mystified by its sweetness and melancholy. It is at night time only when the plaintive and strange sounds are heard. At times they are loud and boisterous, like midnight revels, and again they soften into a complete wail. These voices, which moan and scream and sob about in the night, are believed by superstitious natives to be the spirits of the warriors whose mangled bodies lay at the foot of Pali.

To destroy this pretty illusion is almost barbarous. Still, these sounds so reverently listened to by the Oahu natives can be caused by nothing more than the ocean breakers beating on the windward shore, and the plaintive cadence of the calmer surf below, alternating with the angry and wilder scolding of the storm above, echoing among the dales and crags of the lofty mountain. The feeling as if the presence of human spirits about you cannot be shaken off, and the weird song of terror as of human voices cannot be hushed nor translated into their sounds by even a strong mind. On a dark night a sensitive and superstitious mind could not endure with comfort the hideous forebodings of the scene. Now, if two persons whose voices chord should sing from one of the heights, it will be found that the mountain will catch up the song and take it from cliff to cliff, carrying it off into the distance in one direction, and bringing it back in another, until a perfect round is obtained. Then if the two singers suddenly cease their song, the mountains will go on singing it for quite a long time after they are silent.

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Fasting Five-Sixths of His Life

"THESE stories," said the hale and hearty old gentleman, "of extraordinary starving or fasting feats make me very weary."

The spick and span young man winked at the others present.

"That's because you have always, evidently, been in the habit of never neglecting your own meals when they came due," he said with a chuckle.

The hale and hearty old gentleman gazed at the spick and span young man with a severe expression in his eyes.

"How old are you?" he asked suddenly.

"Twenty-five," said the spick and span young man, taken somewhat by surprise at the question.

"Well, my boy," remarked the hale and hearty old gentleman, laying his hand kindly on the other's shoulder, "would it surprise you to learn that I have not eaten a single scrap of food—I, myself, who am talking to you—for more than twice as many years as you have lived?"

The spick and span young man laughed derisively.

"Eaten no food for more than fifty years!" he cried. "Why, what kind of a story is that? You can't be more than sixty years old, anyway, and it's absolutely impossible."

"I spoke the truth, and the literal truth," rejoined the hale and hearty old gentleman, impressively. "Believe me or not, as you may. It's true, also, that I am not more than sixty years of age, and yet, for more than fifty of those years I have eaten nothing."

The spick and span young man looked rather uneasy.

"I don't want to be offensive," he observed, "but really, are you sure that you're feeling well in your mind?"

The hale and hearty old gentleman laughed outright.

"No, I am not crazy, if that's what you mean," he returned; "but see here. I'll explain. Out of the twenty-four hours of the day I never spend more than three, all told, for my breakfast, lunch and dinner, and often not as much as that. But let us say three. That leaves twenty-one during which I take no food; that is to say, seven-eighths of my time. Seven-eighths of sixty years is fifty-two and one-half; so, you see, it is literally true that for more than fifty years I haven't eaten a thing, and——"

But the spick and span young man had gone off as fast as his legs could carry him.

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A Parting

By BARTON GREY

"GOOD-BY, then"—and he turned away.
No other word between them spoken;
You hardly would have guessed that day
How close a bond was broken.

The quick, short tremor of the hand
That clasped her own in that brief parting,
Only her heart could understand
Who saw the tear-drop starting.

Who felt a sudden surge of doubt
Come rushing back unbidden o'er her,
As, at the words, her life without
His presence loomed before her.

The others saw, the others heard
A calm, cool man, a gracious woman,
A quiet, brief farewell unstirred
By aught at all uncommon.

She knew a fatal die was cast;
She knew that two paths hence must sever;
That one familiar step had passed
Out of her life forever.

To all the rest it merely meant
A trival parting, lightly spoken;
She read the bitter, mute intent,
She knew a heart was broken.—Poems

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How Serpents Sleep

ONE of the most curious facts with regard to snakes is that their eyes are never closed. Sleeping or waking, alive or dead, they are always wide open. This is because there are no eyelids. The eye is protected only by a strong scale, which forms a part of the epidermal envelope, and is cast off in a piece with that every time the reptile moults. This eye-plate is as clear and transparent as glass, and allows the most perfect vision, while at the same time it is so hard and tough as to perfectly protect the delicate organ within from the thorns and twigs among which, in flight from enemies or in pursuit of prey, the reptile so often hurriedly glides, as any close observer of the habits of the snake can readily discover.

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Beauties of a Dakota Sunset

ON THE evening of July 24 the people of Central Dakota, says a writer in the Dakota Blizzard, witnessed one of the most magnificent sunsets that ever transformed the western skies into a paradise of color. It followed a storm of dashing rain, and was heralded by a number of those broken bows of promise so often seen in this latitude. As the heavy drops lessened, leaving the prairie sod refreshed and the wheat heads dripping and glistening with grateful moisture, the sun shone through the heavy western cloud-banks in a mass of vivid ruby light, encroaching gradually upon the banks of sombre vapor, lighting up their broken edges, and working all those wonderful effects which follow the mingling of colors upon the pallet of the skies. The metamorphosis was rapidly accomplished.

Within ten minutes of the time when the rain ceased, in company with a friend I ventured forth in the face of still threatening clouds. We stood together, moved to profound admiration by the tragedy of color being enacted upon the western sky. The halo of ruby light described had widened and paled into a brilliant field of carmine, and across the splendid stretch of color was traced in a line of flaming gilt the outline of a cloud which seemed to float, nearly invisible, behind the translucent curtain of marvelous pink. On either hand the rounded, graceful puffs of the floating clouds were touched with rose color, blending imperceptibly into their dove-colored matter, and forming tints that would madden an aspiring color master. He might gaze and dream of reproduction, but no such dyes ever hallowed canvas or idealized the rarest fabric of Eastern looms.

Above the carmine the sky was netted with a filigree of flame. Divine fire, indeed! An angel who, mortal, had practiced the magic of pigments—a painter who had died with his conception of the "consuming fire" unrealized, might in very ecstasy of its perfection have plunged into that net of fire, though it were one of endless torture! Below, in splendid contrast, was a pictured lake of deep lemon hue, as real in its outline as some of the splendid mirages of these plains. Faint luminous forms, suggesting the fabled fountains of gold, seemed to throw up their columns along its further shores. To paint in any truth such a sunset would be a marvel; to even suggest its beauty in the poorer language of the pen is indeed vain effort. But let one who has scanned the rapturous skies of Italy, and fancies he knows the cunning of the sun on the vanquishing canvas of the sky, spend a summer in Dakota sunset study, and he may hope to teach the greatest masters of painting wondrous hues they know not of.

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The Story of a Historic Flagstaff

IN GENERAL CORBIN'S office, at the War Department, is a section of the flagstaff from which floated the Stars and Stripes over Fort Sumter when the garrison stationed there struck its colors, April 14, 1861, and left the fort in possession of the Confederates. The staff was of yellow pine, and the piece in General Corbin's office is about one foot long and nearly the same in diameter. It is bound with a brass hoop half an inch wide to prevent splitting, and where it is cracked the wood looks like new, and thirty-eight years' time has not made any ravages upon it.

Major Robert Anderson was in command of the famous fort when it surrendered, and with his own hands hauled down the colors; but four years later, after he had won his spurs and ranked as a Major-General, he raised the flag on the same staff from which he had lowered it four years earlier. After the ceremonies attending the flag-raising were concluded, the staff was divided into sections and one piece was sent to the War Department, where it has since remained.

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The Babies of a Single Year

IT WILL probably startle a good many persons to find that, could the infants of a year be ranged in a line in cradles, the cradles would extend around the globe. Imagine the babies being carried past a given point in their mother's arms one by one, and the procession being kept up night and day until the last hour in the twelve months had passed by. Going past at the rate of twenty a minute, 1200 an hour during the entire year, the reviewer at his post would only have seen the sixth part of the infantile host.

In other words, the babe that had to be carried when the tramp began would be able to walk when but a mere fraction of its comrades had reached the reviewer's post, and when the year's supply of babes was drawing to a close there would be a rearguard, not of infants, but of romping six-year-old children.

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England's Most Precious Relic

THE most precious relic in all England is an old Gothic chair which stands in the chapel of Saint Edward, in Westminster Abbey. It is made of black oak in the Gothic style, says the Chicago Record, and the back is covered with carved inscriptions, including the initials of many famous men. The feet are four lions. The seat is a large stone, about thirty inches long by eighteen wide and twelve inches thick, and all the sovereigns of England for the last eight hundred years have sat upon it when they were crowned. The chair is known as the Coronation Chair, and the stone is claimed to be the same which Jacob, the son of Isaac, the son of Abraham, used as a pillow when he lay down to sleep on the starlit plains of Judah.

The Kings of Israel were crowned upon this stone from the time that they ruled a nation—David, Saul, Solomon, and the rest.

The story goes that 580 years before Christ, at the time of the Babylonian captivity, Circa, daughter of Zedekiah, the last King of Judea, arrived in Ireland, and was married at Tara to Heremon, a Prince of the Tuatha de Danan—which is said to be the Celtic name of the tribe of Dan. The traditions relate that this Princess went originally to Egypt in charge of the prophet Jeremiah, her guardian, and the palace Taphenes, in which they resided there, was discovered in 1886 by Doctor Petrie, the archæologist.

They went hence to Ireland, and from Circa and Heremon Queen Victoria traces her descent, through James I, who placed the lion of the tribe of Judah upon the British standard.

Jeremiah is said to have concealed this sacred stone at the time of the destruction of Jerusalem and the captivity of the Jews, and to have brought it, "the stone of the testimony," Bethel, the only witness of the compact between Jehovah and Israel, to Ireland, whence it was known as the lia phail (stone wonderful). It was carried to Scotland by Fergus I, and thence to London in the year 1200, and has been used at the coronation of every King and Queen of England from Edward I down to the time of Victoria.

WIT OF THE NURSERY

TAKING ACCOUNT OF MENTAL STOCK.—A Boston child, after her first week in the kindergarten, said to her mother: "Mother, do I know as much now as I don't know?"

WHAT TOMMY KNEW.—Visitor—"Tommy, I wish to ask you a few questions in grammar." Tommy—"Yes, sir." Visitor—"If I give you the sentence, 'The pupil loves his teacher,' what is that?" "Sarcasm."

DIFFERENTIATING SYNONYMS.—Teacher—"Of course, you understand the real difference between liking and loving?" Pupil—"Yes, marm; I like [illegible] ma, but I love a nice piece of p[illegible]"

EATING UPSIDE DAWN.—"Why, Alfie, dear, is that the way to begin your dinner?" asked a mother of her little daughter, as she began with the pie. "Well, I declare, mamma, I was going to eat my dinner all upside down—wasn't I?"

RIGHT IN HIS OWN FAMILY.—"Can you give me an example of a toothless animal of the mammalian group?" asked a teacher of a small boy in the class in zoology. "Yes, sir," said the boy promptly. "Indeed! what is it?" "My grandma!"

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TOMMY'S FORTUNATE FATHER.—"You children turn up your noses at everything on the table. When I was a boy I was glad to get enough dry bread." "I say, pa, you are having a better time of it now you are living with us!" replied Tommy consolingly.

THE ODOR OF SANCTITY.—The church was beautifully decorated with sweet spring flowers and the air was heavy with their fragrance. As the service was about to begin, small Kitty pulled her mother's sleeve: "Oh, don't it smell solemn?"

SERVING FOR ANOTHER OCCASION.—"Well, Johnnie, I shall forgive you this time; and it's very pretty of you to write a letter to say you are sorry." "Yes, ma; don't tear it up, please." "Why, Johnnie?" "Because, it will do for the next time."

COLLABORATION IN EATING.—Little Darling—"That was a white sugar almond I gave oo, Mr. Squeams. Does oo like it?" Crusty Old Bachelor (who is trying hard to swallow the dainty in question)—"Very much indeed, thank you." Little Darling—"It was a pretty pink once."

KEEPING HIS PLACE.—Irate Mamma—"Why didn't you get the things I sent you to the store for?" Son—"I had to wait so long I forgot what you wanted." Mamma—"Then why didn't you come back and find out?" Son—"I was afraid, you know, if I left to come back I would lose my turn."

DICKIE'S MELTING-POINT.—Dickie, six years old, had a pair of boots. He cut one of them with his hatchet. The father became very angry and scolded incessantly. The little fellow looked his father in the face and said: "If you don't stop talking you'll get me mad, too, so you'd better stop."

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CORROBORATIVE EVIDENCE.—Deacon—"Susie, I am sorry your papa was not at meeting." Susie—"Pleathe, no, thir; he went out walking in the woodth." Deacon—"I'm afraid, Susie, your papa doesn't fear God as he should do." Susie—"Oh, yeth, thir, I gueth he doth. He took hith gun to the woodths with him, thir."

THE LAWYER'S LITTLE PETITIONER.—The lawyer was sitting at his desk, absorbed in the preparation of a brief. So bent was he on his work that he did not hear the door as it was pushed gently open, nor see the curly head that was thrust into his office. A little sob attracted his notice, and turning, he saw a face that was streaked with recent tears, and told plainly that the little one's feelings had been hurt. "Well, my little one, did you want to see me!" "Are you a lawyer?" "Yes. What is it you want?" "I want," and there was a resolute ring in her voice, "I want a divorce from my papa and mamma. I want it real quick, too."

TIRED OF A WAITING POLICY.—A little Minersville tot was found by her papa at the window calling "Nigger, nigger!" to a colored man on the street. The gentleman reproved her and said he would have to chastise her if she repeated the offense. He then went into an adjoining room, but presently he heard the little girl saying, "Nigger, nigger!" softly to herself. "You mustn't say that," said the nurse; "your papa will whip you." "Will he whip me real hard?" "Yes; real hard." The tot then went to the window again and called out as loud as her little lungs would permit, "Nigger, nigger." Then, turning to the nurse—"Now you may call papa in and let's have this thing over right off."

THE BOOK OF THE WEEK

WHAT IS ART?

The Heroic Work of A Novelist

By COUNT LEON N. TOLSTOI

THE strength and weakness of Tolstoi are in this book. It is art, tempered by the theories which have shaped his life, that the author defines, using the term, of course, in its larger sense.

Much that is good and noble would be annihilated, much that is commonplace and mediocre be exalted, were his ideal of art to obtain. Yet, though it be obscured and distorted at times, there is something of the truth in the book. Written, as it has been, during the declining years of life, it is not strange that one at times detects in it the querulous, petulant note of the old man to whom this world has not been an altogether pleasant place.

In his conclusion, Count Tolstoi confesses that he has had this work in hand for fifteen years. Six or seven times he began it, and as often laid it aside, feeling that he was unable to accomplish what he had undertaken. And now that it is finished, perhaps its greatest value is the intimate glimpse it gives us of the ideals of this man who, whatever his weaknesses and vagaries, has impressed himself more powerfully on the American mind than any other Continental writer of his day.

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In his chapter on Art and Beauty, the author strikes the keynote of his theory. "What is art?" he asks. "How—what is art? Why, art is architecture, sculpture, painting, music, poetry in all its forms, generally answers the ordinary man, the amateur of art, or even the artist himself, supposing that the matter of which he speaks is perfectly clear, and is understood in the same way by everybody. But in architecture you say there are simple buildings which are not objects of art, and, besides, there are buildings which make pretensions to be objects of art, buildings that are unsuccessful, or ugly, and which cannot, therefore, be reckoned as objects of art? What is the distinctive sign of an object of art?

"It is exactly the same in sculpture, in music, in poetry. Art in all its forms is bounded on the one hand by the practically useful, and on the other by the unsuccessful attempts of art. How are we to separate art from the one and the other? The average educated man of our circle, and even an artist who has not occupied himself especially with esthetics, will not find any difficulty in this question.

"'Art is an activity which produces beauty,' answers your average man.

"'But if this is what art consists in, then is a ballet *or operetta also* art?' you ask.

"'Yes,' though with some hesitation answers the average man. "'A good ballet and a graceful operetta are also art, in the measure in which they manifest beauty.'

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"But without asking our average man what distinguishes a good ballet and a graceful operetta from one that is not graceful—questions which he would find it very hard to answer—if you ask the same average man whether you are going to recognize as art the activity of the costumer, and the wig-maker, who adorn the figures and faces of the women in the ballet and operetta, and Worth, the tailor, and the perfume maker, and cook, in the majority of cases he will deny that the activity of the tailor, the wig-maker, the costumer, and the cook belong to the region of art.

"But in this the average man goes wrong precisely because he is an average man, and not a specialist, and has not occupied himself with esthetics. If he had occupied himself with this science, he would have seen that the famous Rénan's Marc Aurèle an argument that the tailor's art is art, and that most people are very limited and dull who do not see a work of the highest art in a woman's dress. 'C'est le grand art,' he says. Besides this the average man would discover that in many works on esthetics, as, for instance, in the work of Professor Kralik: 'Weltschonheit, Versuch einer all gemeinen Aesthetik,' and in Guyot's 'Les Problemes de l'Esthetique,' the arts of costume, of taste, and of touch are recognized as arts.

"So that the idea of art, as the manifestation of beauty, is far from being as simple as it seems, especially now, when this idea of beauty includes our sensations of touch, taste and smell, as it is the case in the newest esthetics.

"But the average man either does not know this or does not wish to know it, and is firmly convinced that all these questions of art are solved very simply by recognizing beauty as the material of art. For the average man it seems clear and intelligible that art is the production of beauty, and by beauty all questions of art are decided by him."

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A long chapter on What is Beauty? follows. After citing from writers on esthetics, from Aristotle to Knight, the author concludes that:

"If we do not reckon the definitions of beauty which are quite inaccurate, and do not cover the idea of art, finding the source of beauty in use, or in adequacy, or in smoothness, or in the harmony of parts, or in unity beneath diversity, or in different combinations of these principles; if we do not reckon these unsatisfactory attempts at objective definitions, all the esthetic definitions of beauty may be reduced to two fundamental views: the first, that beauty is something self-existent, one of the manifestations of absolute perfection—the Idea, the Soul, the Will, God; and the other that beauty is a certain kind of pleasure experienced by us, and not having personal profit as its object.

"The second understanding of beauty, as a certain kind of pleasure experienced by us, not having personal profit as its aim, is found for the most part among the English esthetics, and is held by the rest of our society, especially by the younger generation. So that there exist—and this could not be otherwise—only two definitions of beauty: the one, objective, mythical; merging this idea with that of the highest perfection, God—a fantastic idea, based on nothing; the other, on the contrary, very simple and intelligible, subjective, reckoning beauty to be that which pleases us (to the word 'pleases' I do not add: 'without purpose or without profit,' because this very word pleases in itself assumes this absence of the notion of gain)."

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And again: "To the question as to what that art is, as a sacrifice to which are offered the toil of millions, and even human lives and morality, we have received from the existing esthetics answers which all merge in the thought that the aim of art is beauty; and beauty is recognized by the pleasure derived from it; and pleasure arising from art is a good and important thing. That is, that pleasure is good because it is pleasure. So that what is considered a definition of art is not a definition of art at all, but only a trick to justify existing art. And therefore, however strange it may be to say so, in spite of the mountains of books written on art, no accurate definition of art has yet been reached. The reason of this is, that the basis of the definition of art is but the idea of beauty."

And this brings Count Tolstoi to his own definition of art, which is:

"To call up in one's self a feeling once experienced, and having called it up in one's self by means of movements, lines, colors, sounds, images, expressed in words, to so convey this feeling that others experience the same feeling—in this consists the action of art. Art is a human activity consisting in this, than one person consciously, by certain external signs, conveys to others feelings he has experienced, and other people are effected by these feelings and live them over in themselves.

"Art is not, as the metaphysicians say, the manifestations of some mysterious idea, beauty, God; it is not, as the esthetics-physiologists say, a game in which a person puts forth the surplus energy which he has stored up; it is not a manifestation of the emotions by outward signs, it is not the production of agreeable objects, and, most of all, it is not a gratification; but it is a means of communication between the people, uniting them in the same feelings, a means indispensable to the advance toward the well-being of the individual and of arts.

The rest of the book is an amplification and application of this definition. It leads Tolstoi to conclude that when art separated itself from religion it began to degenerate; that art for enjoyment's sake is not so great as for God's sake, because "there is nothing older or more hackneyed than pleasure, and there is nothing fresher than the feelings springing from the religious consciousness of each age."

Our art to-day appeals only to the wealthy and cultured, the author thinks, and "that which is enjoyment to the man of the rich classes is incomprehensible as a pleasure to a workingman, and evokes in him either no feeling at all or only a feeling contrary to that which is evoked in an idle and satiated man." The translation from the Russian has been done well by Charles Johnston, who likewise contributes a sympathetic preface. (Published by Henry Altemus, Philadelphia.)

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Marching with Gomez, by Grover Flint.—Just now, when half the space-writers in the country have turned from the Klondike to Cuba and a news-hungry horde of correspondents is on the Island, gathering material which is yet to be unloaded on a patient public, one is inclined to go carefully before committing one's self to the extent of picking up a volume on Cuba. But Mr. Flint's book is a safe venture. It is neither a history nor a discussion of the ethics of intervention, but "a war correspondent's field note-book," well written and thoroughly interesting. Spanish methods of warfare are strikingly illustrated, the personnel of the insurgent forces described, and Gomez and his officers faithfully sketched by the author. This is how he describes the "liberator": "He is a gray little man. His clothes do not fit well, and, perhaps, if you saw it in a photograph, his figure might seem old and ordinary. But the moment he turns his keen eyes upon you, they strike like a blow from the shoulder. You feel the will, the fearlessness and the experience of men that are in those eyes, and the owner becomes a giant before you. He is a farmer by birth, the son of a farmer, with an Anglo-Saxon tenacity of purpose, and a sense of honor as clean and true as the blade of his little Santo Domingo machete."

Mr. Flint's father-in-law, Professor John Fiske, contributes a clear and scholarly introduction, reviewing the causes which led to the present insurrection. The book, as a whole, has life and color, and is full of interesting anecdotes and sketches. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co., Boston.)

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